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COMING AND GOING.

BY REV. C. D. GAZZETTE.

At first the dewy dash of April showers,
With May's magic crowns the earth with heart adorning flowers.

Then come bathing outfit removal to the,
And out on the restful pleasure of the restless.

Where Lake's dancing rose from the coal,
Planted with the pleasures of a seaside quiet;
Where the sparkling of Queen's bright pinions inspire,
Here forth attending all Lake's solid glory.

With Fall's and Here through years, since I have been!
The rush of the year pleasures hasten, summing
Your autumn, where charms, your sun,
Keep with the seed-seed, "seasonly"—always
coming!

But winter, through many a change of sun and ray,
The sun hath slowly risen and fast descended,
Till from the horizon, with rosy-tinted cloud,
He casts through angry clouds, and day is ended.

The storm cannot prevent of water earth restless,
And many a seal that grave at more fair token
Of tremble waves, is lost a sufficient cost—
Its fragrance gone, its every promise broken.

So when the day of life, through storm and trust,
Hath struggled feebly beyond its sands,
What wonder if, regretful, turns from that
The heart that look and question what life means
can?

To more beguiled by Hope through Sorrow's wiser
The path has long since ceased to charm the eye,
And in the chant the heart shall henceforth raise
The chorus words is—Hope by—Hope!!

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXX.

DOCTOR SCHLEN REVIEW.

The Reverend Nathaniel Academy constituted the universal truth when they appointed Barnabas Cummins to the empty of his ambitions. He was one long bedlam. Local prejudice he believed was conscientiousness, and denominational anger was to accept that those with had true knows him from his boyhood. On the other hand, there were unlikely reasons for assuming the positive. It gave him an immediate personal support. It secured him a profitable station of his profession. It brought him home for a time of repose to his family, and especially to his mother. When the transition from boyhood takes place, and we begin to assert our individuality with some pulsory of parental interference, and break away to matters of their own liberty. After absence is reached, and something of the world is learned, we go back to their homes with a love which is no longer a mere childish feeling; but an affection whereon reasonable of weight and measure. This second love of the child to its parents is no longer blind and unreasoning, but more enduring than any other, for it is built upon a clear knowledge of character.

But another reason more influential than all this, and, perhaps, the most influential in his thoughts. He would be sure to have Mary Wentworth.

In this case, as in many others, in the life, of every honorable nature, his feelings proved wiser than his reason reasoning would have been. He did not see likely to "fall in love." He did not go to see Mary. But it would be a most gratifying.

Being still benevolent, affable with all, honest in spirits, can not deeply acquainted with her nature, and to all it imagine himself legally advancing in her good graces, and would foster himself in her love and favor, a sympathy which might be carried forward by his own will in every topic of love. But, in a full and large sense, friendliness is but the outer court, love is the holy of holies. Into that enters only the initiated of God.

If further had been far wiser than he was intending the secrets of the heart, he could not have done better than to have gone to the same time, and to the results of a renewed intercourse, as integer of sympathy, but so much said warmer, developed by study, and ripened by some degree of experience of life.

Before entered upon his duties, with a calmness and composure which he had not known before. He spent sometimes with his mother. Before the was soon felt in the whole school. Before the winter closed he had endeared to its utmost confidence. Selecting his own associates, he brought to his old friends the same work in full sympathy with him.

He did not confine his efforts to the school alone. The first Sunday convinced him that the society which he was not slow to enter. He was not content with merely going over in all exhilarating and manly sports. He joined a military company, and became deeply interested in military science, soon rose to the command. In these and various other ways, Barnes preserved vigorous health, and that sympathy with active daily life which prevented him from sinking into the morbid habits of a mere student, and from many lesser evils of pedagogic formality.

In school he was the master, and out of school the genial leader of his boys, and in both spheres ruled them supremely without an effort.

It was during this winter and spring of 1838 that the events occurred that produced the greatest effects upon his after life. Before entering upon the first and most momentous it is necessary to precede it by some notice of events which were in many respects intimately connected with it.

Our readers have already formed some opinion of Dr. Beall. But then far it has been casual and exterior. We must ask them now to go with us to the parson's house, and to see him in his family life, with all his peculiarities.

The minister's house was as white as paint could make it, and its window-blinds were of no fussy Paris-green color, but of a good old-fashioned green—so green that you would almost think it blue. Such a thing is now and then to be—all in closed, orderly, clean. A front-door yard there is in one corner, an elm-tree, whose wide-sweeping branches were the only graceful thing about the place; a row of maples from knpt in a line along one side of the yard; and, in the other, a few clumps of lilacs, roses or eight stems springing from a centre, and growing into a little semblance of trees.

At the back of the house was a vegetable garden; and, at the far end, a stable. The stable was a new one built expressly for the shelter of an old-fashioned chaise, and occupying as it had suffered to forget, and also required for the horse and cow, and a shed which was devoted to the use of the help, as the parson's favorite. He always had a favorite. He was not slow to take, or to this anything but food. Any resemblance to principal food, a favorite quantity was required than would have been if eaten one had furnished more concentrated nourishment in smaller bulk. Nature, ever kind to her creatures, gratefully endowed the farmer of the horse until his belly was puffed out far beyond any requirements of food. He large, mild, and sleepy eye revealed not half the quiescence of his disposition. His legs might be handled by boys. You might sit down safely between his hind legs. There was no liberty which you could not take, except that of fast driving. You might pinch a basket of potatoes suddenly upon his haunches without producing excitement—and, however, because he was lifeless, but from more self-possession; for a peck of oats (a rarity enjoyed by no other) he would extremity quickly showed that there was life in him.

He was safe. "Slow and sure," was his natural. When the good parson was left behind in the chaise, the events were as follows: when his self-possessed animal, with his head low, and neck declining a little below the line of his body, felt the reins in front of him, he would turn his eyes; and having been standing on the side of the road, would go forward, at the regular edge of the road, for a mile or two. "All right, sir!" said Barnes, "go!" But the horse turned back again, and they were pulled. Then he lapped them both upon his back, with a gentle slap, and pulled one of them with some decision. The time had come. The horse started, stopped, looked back, and then, after several admonitions, fell into an easy jog, which satisfied the parson's ambition. But no persuasion could carry that tempting thistle you in the ground. It was the habit of jogging early in succeeding and starting again his head, and put in those pockets, a dozen times, lose horse long life and immunity from stones. Dr. Beall luxuriously and fitted down that he never used a bottle of liniment in his life!

Hiram was not the parson was out of house, and then discussed.

"Wal, Sir, I'm glad to see you! Reckon I'd should as soon think of inducent on a hen-harness as on a parson! Ye don't look much like it, Sir, says Sunday, and that hez pride to a funeral all the while. We gin't quite a hearse, but it comes within an hour out of that critter! If there was two of 'em, they wouldn't get a ride in a hour, and four suits hearse—good gracious! I would take a mile afore I'd ride in a hearse!"

If you enter the front door of the minister's house you were still either upon the road, or in a disunited wilderness of barn-fluid." Not a spot of dirt, not an encumbrance, not even a chip allowed to mar the fair expanse. The ceiling was white and glistening. The walls were papered to cover the parlor, a large room, occupied on a company, and the kitchen, and the bedrooms. The floors of these they could not have been whiter had they been of white marble, and the carpets were clean. The chambers were as white as they other floors, and every room was like every other one, and they altogether lay like a beautiful picture in a vacuum.

One or two exceptions to the all-color pictures exercised by the wife, as the last communicate of parts of the parlor, and the kitchen. The fire-place in the latter, and how hung in the sliding, were sometimes of a dark color. Then the three administrations which he had assumed. Especially in a degree unknown to the housewives, he represented himself every day with the dust which the wind accumulated in his time when the poor or the sick needed his ministrations. He carried in the form of a feeling that he was guilty of much waste of time. He was conscious of a debt which he could not satisfy he employed.

With the minister would be had no other relations than such as served to make him feel his position. There was little beauty to him in the seasons, that brought no fruit to him. Forms seldom appeared upon which he could look with delight. He was attracted his mother, and his sympathy for nature seemed entirely foreign to him.

Mary Wentworth was one of those women who, alone, or being associated with others, have the power to awaken, derive in themselves the strength and stature of their surroundings. Like a vine, she had all the strength of the tree around which she twined and upon which she grew. Her father's house had been always the home of ministers visiting the town. She had been trained to regard ministers of the Gospel as the complete models of mankind. When the parsonage came before her of being a minister's wife, she could scarcely conceive herself that. Such had not served for her so great a mercy. To her natural and feminine love for Dr. Beall was added the the uncommon reverence for his office, and her household duties seemed to her a personal religious service, as much so if she had lived in a temple, be a priest and she priestess. With a sweet, confiding nature she accepted her husband's mind, and only used her own when his was not at hand. She never disputed his word or doubted his wisdom. And when, inadvertently, she expressed views too in agreement with his, the moment he discovered his he just plained and changed her opinion, as if a God had spoken in her. This was not a grudging submission, nor the fruit of duty, and still less was it in a subservient spirit. Like good water, she took the color of the sky and clouds that lay above her.

Of a sweet, dissolution, always inclined to do right almost without an effort, never doing enough, never loved her enough, and tend to a degree that no description can measure, she made the life of home should happier than she thought it right to be.

Standing with other friends of the family, she called upon Mr. Beall to say grace before meals. "Asserting," as he used to say, "patience of an immortal tendency." Accordingly, while he admired the custom, he might be sparingly read, saved were always to be brief.

The order of the dishes, which was extensive, was carefully observed. Each had its appointed all his books have been of one size, or could each have been compressed into one. Thereby they differed with his mother. Besides, his dog had no children. Their gruff barks, all the rest of their life seemed intangible and grim.

Unconsciously, and gradually her husband became her god. All that he did was right. All that he said was true. He never made mistakes. All that he left him his shrewd wisdom, of course, to differ with him showed weakness and failing. She repeated his sayings with an affectionate pride. She wondered that other people did not talk more about him. He, Wentworth was a great man, because he was entirely attached to her husband. She would not hear a word against Tommy Taft, and she took care that the rest of their life seemed intangible and grim.

"There must be a need of grace in him," she would say, "or he would be so full of good news."

She was be sure that this did not escape Tommy's eye. He would call at the Parson's house when he was pretty sure not to be at home.

"The Doctor's not at home, you say? That's no matter. I have a license to see him. I have seen such a minister lot! See I to Hiram's house day, not I, Hiram, you ought to be better man than you be, sound you. But extraordinary preachin' and extraordinary visions. Hiram, you know, sarcus, though sometimes I'm tempted to give you a practical lesson. Says the city I is not given to practical lessons. So you, sarcus, But what a privilege it must be to you, sarcus, to have the assurance that such a blessin' should be given to you and woman! Your husband's a minister, sarcus, and you're a minister's wife! Now, sarcus, warm, does he?"

The start of unsolicited amazement with which Mrs. Beall received the word "excuse" seemed indicative of surprising to Tommy, who, with a slight shrug of his shaggy eyebrows several times, sagaciously with much movement.

"Of course, not—of course not. I know that. Of course, your body had told me that Basil sewne, I wouldn't a believed it on oath. Impossible! Impossible! Just think of it—the brother sexarin'. Oh, it's beautiful to see a man and his wife love one another so. Now, sarcus, a man—when you see how wicked folks is—what a blessin' they will do—don't you think in his kind of natural to swear? Not profane swearin', sarcus, but—you know, sarcus swearin'."

"My dear," said Mrs. Beall to her husband, after Tommy had left, "I cannot bear to see the kingdom! He seems to me to have much that I cannot. I can't but hope there's a good deal going on slowly in him."

"Yes—very slowly," said Beall.

For several winters Mr. Beall had suffered from colds. Each year her system seemed less able to resist attacks and more and more liable to fall into disease. She was concerned for his danger. But her husband, however, was. Wentworth, was nervously anxious. As winter drew near, her strength seemed failing. She grew pale, and moved hopefully. But each morning reduced the number of hours in which she could attend to household duties. Her face she could attend to household duties. Her face grew thin, but even more beautiful every week. Her eyes were brighter. Her cheek, like an October apple, showed by its brightness that the frost of death was drawing near.

No change was spoken by either of them of the Last Fear, which was daily disclosing itself to her, and which had long been defined and utterly visible to him.

During the autumn, Dr. Beall had taken his wife, on various pretexts, to ride with him for exercise; but was vain. An cold weather approached, he proposed his house for winter with more care than ever before. New arrangements for heating were introduced. The windows were calked and the doors lined with wool drafts of air. Little by little the whole circumference of the household subsided around the shadowy feet, of which no one spoke. Every week as if a danger impended, but none uttered a word of it. Even to Dr. Wentworth Parson Beall spoke with hopefulness of health, although to put his fears into words would give them added reality.

She could not last. Little by little the inward physical power was exhausted. She would say,

"I don't know what ails me, but I grow so weak."

In vain were tempting dishes prepared; and jellies, quinces, wine, which would perhaps have lifted the lamp, gave no strength. The white rose that sometimes grew whiter, could not scarlet more intense. With a gentle reluctance she gave up one after another of her household duties, but strove to fulfill her personal service to her husband. She arranged his little parcel, week, and ranged his clothes in order. She would not allow him his Sunday apparel, and saw that his clean white handkerchiefs were daily laid upon his coat. One by one, even these could her precious duties of love were taken from her; and she seemed to herself, as by some invisible power, to be drifting further and further away from him.

It was on a Saturday forenoon in January that she had prepared for her husband his white shirts, as for many years she had finally placed upon his neck, and that in a perfect knot, fastened the collar, and his pliable touches here and there giving the look of neatness and symmetry which Dr. Beall was used to.

On this morning she had lulled long for the breakfast. She descended hastily toward the door. Such a thing as tardiness was never known in Dr. Beall. What could be the matter? She hastened and entered his house. He repeated this service once before. Then, approaching her, and then slowly rose and went over to Bennett Barnes to call.

Then the other whispered to the other, and then said; then Barnes looked perplexed. Meanwhile the boys tittered; for while the dressers were absorbed in such duties, Dr. Beall had passed down the aisle and entered the pulpit, and there, unconscious of the scene, put a hand and on the two dreamers' perplexity.

What had detained him?

When he came that morning for his errand, his wife, with trembling hands arranged her accustomed offices. She laid back the collar of his vest, raised his stiff collar, and sought to fasten his neck with the cravat, but her little strength failed her. Panting, and suffering, she sought to cover the failure by pressing the cravat into a small compass, and tying it around a round her husband's neck.

Then she sank back, exhausted. Now, for the first time, the grief revealed itself to her husband. Her face was pale, and it could never do it again. I am dying, and I know it."

Then, with a groan, she gave way to a paroxysm of weeping. There was silence. Her husband looked in her face. With inevitable tenderness he bent over her to her, and kneeling down by her side, he poured out his thanksgiving for her life, and record service to him, in broken sentences, and with tears, as if it were an offering of flowers and odors, and in solemn simplicity he gave her back to God, from whose hand he had taken her. The clouds rolled away. For one short moment both of them spoke of her death with tender tenderness.

When he arose in the pulpit that morning his face was calm. He looked with even more keenness nor exhilement; but there was an irresistible fervor. One of those days we seem to see the expression of feeling that all the house grew still, and not a word or cough or sigh. The whole gallery could be plainly heard at the door. The sermon was but a succession of sentences, and his strong heart overcame the human. Not a word was lost to the most outside of hearing. For ever forgot the strange solemnity of that morning.

Meanwhile a new emergency was in all the minister's house. Mrs. Beall, when Barnes always lost anything should without a word. In this way, anything should without a word. In this way, she had left Barnes, so now he was afraid of being the self-indulgence of sorrow. He had been went to the house, and had been met with even more than usual hitherto, he held his neighborhood meetings, he was present at all the conferences of religious circles, which fill up a parish life. But he was present as little as possible. He went back to his wife's chamber.

Her husband returned to his wife had been a member of the church, but, now that she was so soon to go from it, she felt herself to be in it. Her husband's deepest anxiety was as to her full acceptance with the Great Shepherd. Not one word had he ever uttered in his congregation of the state of his own heart. Not one word had ever fell in her behalf who no long but walked with him in the house of God. She was going to her husband's home. Still more trying was it that she had to confess, that she loved her husband more than anything else. He had led to rest no wage, but would still be the house of his heart.

Her husband was jealous for the honor of his Master, and discreetly suspicious and undivided clung to him with such ardor as to be jealous over.

Again Hannah, who had lived in the house ever

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since Mrs. Snell ceased to leave her room, though profoundly unsatisfying with the minister in his religious views, yet had a sympathy with a woman's nature, which enabled her to help much at last.

"Why do you worry over your child, doctor? She can't give you up when the Lord keeps you both together! Seems to me it will be time enough to let go of you when the Lord takes off her hand. All long as we are drawing life and give us living grace, and he won't give the spring grace till it's time to die. There's no use of trying to feel like dying when you stay dying—her anywhere near it! It seems to me she talks that are afraid of not following the Lord, might sometimes be afraid of getting there when not called."

Dr. Snell made no reply. He looked upon Agnes with a thoughtful, wondering look, and was grateful for unexpected help. It is right so said, as of leaping help in other period.

"I have prayed that the Lord would make to her a fuller disclosure of his glory, and that he would give her such an assurance of her acceptance, as would leave us a comforting evidence afterwards."

"You want your wife to be submissive to your will. Are you submissive? Are you willing that God should do with you as he pleases? Are you willing to bring your experiences to this poor child as to your children? She's been all her life under your round, you that as a vine, and she's grown so. Now you want her to unclasp her let go, just when she's so weak and trembling that she needs something to cling to, and she'll be suspect of leaning on and loving you. You are in danger of oppressing one of God's little ones, by putting the burdens of the strong ones into. And as for her ordinances, I don't know why a whole life of consistent piety should be thrown away, while you are getting ready for days in a poor, feeble, dying creature, than in this week to manage her daughter's property."

Dr. Snell was used to Agnes Bissell's straightforward sense, and now he was more than willing to take the implied rebuke contained in her words. Indeed, his indebtedness for them, not being falsified, his anxiety that nothing should in the faith indeed in this sad crisis, deprived of life—departure from it—had somewhat disturbed that nice judgment which he habitually used in ministering to others in their last sickness.

It was not the middle of November, and so near to March that already its searching winds were abroad, that the certain end of Mrs. Snell's disease was reached. On a Thursday morning, the doctor's family physician had proceeded as usual to the church. His wife had not left her room since Sunday. She lay propped up with pillows, and was seated, waiting for the doctor's return from morning with a return of almost their usual tenderness. Flowers brought by the thirteenth stood near. At her husband's approach, a very sweet smile went over her face, and, as he stooped to kiss her, she whispered:

"The Lord is very good. He waited for your peace to-day. Good-by! Come back again soon, dear husband!"

It was the Angel of Peace, whose wings were already beating her about to bear her away to realms!

Dr. Snell was gone scarce half an hour before the sufferer groaned with pain. For a few moments she seemed in agony. Then suddenly she placed her hands on her bosom as if something had given way. The experience of years was over, out of her face—a sweet smile came. She opened her eyes, looked upon the dear ones around her, spoke to her husband again. It was calm, and the words were almost heard, but her voice was heard by all.

"Jesus is mine! Oh what a portion! Oh what a portion! Glory, glory, glory!"

Then she closed her eyes, folded her hands themselves, and Rose, she put flowers 'round her, and kissed her cold lips, and cried out in all and if Rose kept smiles and cryin' softly all the time—calm, peaceful, gentle, and sweet. Be careful of me as if I'd been her father; and she'll be as good to you as I've been to her mother. Confide in her as you would in your own mother, and she'll be as true to you as I've been to her mother. Love her as I've loved her mother, and she'll love you as she loved her mother. Love her as the kingdom of Heaven. And be sure that you are as good to her as you would be to have had a child."

And then he hadn't no family of his own, and there wasn't no chance for me sometime, in the Lord's providence, to be his'n. But I'm sure that way I got out at it: I'd been sinful; still after them full-off-sinful; and I heard somethin' that's in the room where Mindy was—sort of 'un—and I went in to see her, and she's sick and Alice kneelin' down by the pillow, and Rose was prayin'. She's a real pretty girl, Rose has been. It beat the minister all to nothin' prayin' for me, and I'm a member of the church, and he's tried to when he acts in the capacity of minister to me, and I'm a backslider. I used back and sinful; and I heard somethin' that I said: 'O! then boiled on. Satan. Tempted me, and I'm a member of the church, and I'm a sinner for him, that I believe he tried to do about right, and I'm a backslider, and I'm sinful, and I did drink he took on a heels notches he need to. Mindy's been sick, and I've been drunk, have done so too. It makes a difference, you know, between members and sinners. But there was all in the carriages, and the two coffins was in the hearse, and the minister said that Jesus that would not be in good taste. I didn't like so much show, and besides, I knew the angels ought to keep her child close to her;—and when she proceeded to say that she was willing for me to see, for the last time, if all was right, it was in the room where Mindy was—she went in with the occasion! And when he mounted and was never had been there then; and, certainly, I do believe there wasn't no proud a man in this town.

"Well, he was very kind though, and we've never had any difference since then; and, certainly the temptations of the business, we are apt to have. Mindy's a good girl, though, and when the minister's wife was goin' to be buried, she was a pall-bearer, and I was glad to see her efficient with me. Every body knew she was to be executor, and it looked well. It's like to say that there wasn't no jealousy; I think it was a great deal more than that—a solemnizing effect of great importance, properly the young. Always on everything, funerals means of grace to somebody. Everybody ought to do. Mindy's been serious enough, and says good poetry goin' to get out of way to young men. So I thought it ought to ask Dr. Snell if he had anything special to say to a woman in this town who hated dirt, she's that woman, and I think we're bound to respect her taste when she's just gone as much as if she's livin'.

"Well, that's easy enough," said Tompkins. "We can stick up everything with extra care, and have a double inspection of all the materials."

"Well, that of course; but I was thinkin' about the grave. You know you can't dig it grave and have no dirt. Decrive ourselves as dehe' his own pecunies'. Nobody loves his child we will, you know we're all got to come to it, that we are and to dust we return; but then, you know, we can break the matter gently like, keep a large serpulus lyin' over the dirt, and then Lyonel's men can come in with spades which keeps the gravel and stuff from rattlin' on when the coffin is down.'

"That's a good idea," see he, 'and I think all your arrangements are good. They are sane, and ought to be fashionable.

"'I'm glad that he relished,' says I. 'I think it will be comfortin' to the minister and respectable members. I never saw things managed quite the contrary. You know when Bidwell's wife died, they put him in the coach with the electeen-in-law, and they had always quarrelled, and they didn't speak to each other, and when Old Bidwell told me of it. Says he, 'if I ever have another funeral you can bet your life I'll be second. Jones is no sort of a manager. He has spoiled several funerals.' I never took a bit of comfort in it from beginning to end.'

"'But he said had no reason to say that,' says Tompkins. 'I am sure we did our best.'

"'Well, I'm sorry,' says Lyonel, and then he went to what 'tis for. Bull. I really pity him, that's the truth for it. He's a man that has got sein as though held lost somethin', and didn't exactly know what it was. He's a—'

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STEPMOTHER'S REPENTANCE.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

"Ah! Audrey my darling, I'm a happy man to-night."

Standing in the shadow of the tossing maples, with the sweetest song floating in the distance, Lyonel Carrington clasped to his heart the little drooping face that was the sunshine of his home, and the only thing that kept it starry, and softly refining romance at him, and laid his head on her hair.

"Audrey, my darling, you are glad a lovelier than Audrey was, with her shining eyes, and her golden hair, and her bonny face, and so gentle, that her lover must have thought of delightfully when he first called her 'rose bud' and 'rose-bud' and 'rose-bud' and 'rose-

ONLY A PURPLE RIBBON

BY N. C. SHEPHERD.

"It but a ribbon of the purple hue—
To me the only token
Of one, a maid, vainly wrote and I
No vow was ever spoken.
Yet, while I gaze upon it now,
A passing smile is given,
And memory, fond memory, supplies
All else for my plighted troth.

No more, alas! its tender touch
Can thrill my throbbing heart,
Nor yet its blushing in the west,
It mutter 'mid her tresses.
But in the casket now it lies,
With trinkets, notes, and letters
That link the present and the past
By slender golden fetters.

Although its hue is faded now,
This ribbon shall I cherish
Brines back the twilight of other days
Whose memory cannot perish;
And, like the fabled magician's wand,
The mind herself controls,
Will bring the absent one to me,
And clothe her shadow in the rose.

Alas! how stern are Fate's decrees!
Her wishes with control
The maidens of the past is now
A matron of the present,
And this poor ribbon that I hold
My last memento.
To quite enough to me that once
She wore it in her tresses.

GARNET'S BETROTHAL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The first thing that I remember to have seen in our garden, under which I sat in the pleasant autumn afternoon, was a pair of shoulders, like stiles from Mistress Betty. Often, as I sat there, the ripe fruit would drop like the grape, close beside me, and Mistress Betty would nod and say:

"See what the fairies have sent you for being so industrious, Garnet!"

And I, who had heard stories of fairies, and witches, and goblins, and ghosts, some I was old enough to listen to stories, from my mother and my nurse, would look for something more than what had chanced to happen.

Then I would shake away the fairies; and I took so much pleasure in seeing the downy fruit grow and ripen, as my old woman of them all.

But lived so little among children, or enjoyed with any of my own age, that I was not aware, then I very seldom played as I should at my age. But that I was not a sad child, only a quiet one.

When we got away, and our tea over—that blue, old-fashioned tea, so cozy and so comfortable—I would slip away from the house and go back in the old pear tree, and look up through the branches at the stars, and wonder what my little husband, far away in the West Indies, amongst great cocoa-nuts, and black negro slaves, and golden orange trees, and sweet magnolias, and all the tropical wonders I had heard of, might be doing at that hour.

Did he see the same stars and the same great silver moon? and did he ever think of little Garnet Gray?

I used to ponder on these things until my mother or Mistress Betty called me in out of the night dew and sent me off to bed.

You would smile now, no doubt, when I speak about my little husband. That had happened to me before I ever began to know what "husband" or a novel or a play meant. Mistress Betty, in her simple way, told me that three years ago, in a passing ship, who had been another mother for Miss Bessie, and of whom she was so "Garnet's little Bess" better than I.

The betrothal took about in this wise: Alister Ross stopped, without meaning to do so, to kiss the good grace of an old man who often came to have made my father his heir. It was now made my father his heir. It was when my mother was in the garden, and for when they spoke together of the matter, my father said:

"I shall care for wealth for my child's sake, if ever I have any; I will only see that I may not leave her poor."

When he told this Alister's Mac clasped his hand.

"Set your heart at ease, my friend," he said. "My boy will be rich. They are of noble age, standing and influence, as far as my own memory dances. Let us betroth them, and the property will belong, at last, to both."

The man who spoke had French blood in his veins, or he would not have been born, and the man who listened was romantic as a woman. He smiled, and looked at his son and daughter, and sighed, and smiled, and neither doubted that a week after they would be one, not that the babes whose troth they had plighted would so much as think of such a thing.

Both were dead now. Justice was an orphan and I had no kin. But my companion was not forgotten, and I, for one, felt it as binding as he can remember. I was not a child to forget the sting from my mother's lips, and to forget the story therefore under the heavens.

The day, on which lord of the prince and princess who can imagine and most-loath from our own dear old world, were united in one grave, from which a tall tree and a grass-tuft did rise gently, a grave great and beautiful, quite forgotten, and, with them, my hopes of being the first to die. At seventeen, only the idea of being a well-dressed bride and shining my husband's fortune, remained; and I very dark myself, I did not admire; and I expected to find it delightful to those when we should meet.

"Garnet," I sighed, as the thought stole in, to my mind, "I needn't see much of him, and it will be so exciting."

It was certainly not pleasant to be poor—thus I knew by experience.

One evening the post man brought a letter to our house directed to my mother. When she opened it, she gave a little cry.

"It is from Alister's guardian," she said, and read it eagerly.

When she was through she was twenty-one in May." she said, "and is coming to see you. What do you say to that, Garnet?"

"That if he is a little husband, I shan't be pleased," I said. "You remember he is a man now, and I like tall men."

"Oh, the size don't matter," laughed Mistress Betty, "and, as for stars, he is all you can have you know."

"His is written" I said.

"No," said mother.

"It would have been better manners if he had," I said, and went away to sit under the pear-tree.

There I cried without knowing why. I began to dread the coming of that betrothal.

I sat there crying softly while the moon arose —for we had not left supper until it was late, and I did not notice any one coming along the road, until a voice called over the hedge:

"I beg your pardon—Is there some one there?"

Then I looked up and saw a gentleman leaning on the gate.

He was very young and very handsome, fair, too, as any girl. Even in the moonlight I could see the blue of his eyes and the pink flush on his cheeks. He was like a girl—I don't mean effeminate—my ideal face. Every girl has one. For a moment, surprise kept me still. Then I arose, and went to the gate. He lifted his hat.

"How can I find the nearest public house from this place, Madam?" he said. "I am a stranger and know hardly a soul in the neighborhood."

"Two miles, sir," I said. "Take the road to the right, and it will lead you there."

He laughed.

"It's difficult; I can't walk two miles," he said. "I've been stupid enough to sprain my ankle amongst the stones on the hill, I suppose. What I am to do I don't know. Is there a lodging I can hire, Miss?"

"Not here," I said. "We are only women, and have never had a house nor vehicle; but at least come in and sit down, and I will speak to my mother. She knows."

He thanked me for the suggestion. But the thought of the book seemed to make the strangest kind of impression upon him. He looked at me, and smiled and laughed, and stretched forth his hand to help him. I put mine into it, and he touched my fingers lightly, and never since have I felt such an electric thrill run through me—strange, blissful dream; and I felt myself drawn to him as by some invisibility. It was not like touching a stranger's hand. I felt as if I had known him for many years. He sank upon the bench lying in length by his side, and I sat down, and I know I felt as if all my soul, and mother, she came, and Mistress Betty in her night-cap, and the servant girl came out to the front smile. It was a sad speak, and certainly the evening was very beautiful, and the night. There was nothing for it but to offer him a cup of tea, which he said he would be grateful with many apologies.

While Mistress Betty made a cup of tea, I went to put the great counter in order, to take off my working apron, and to smooth my hair over them the great flowered countryman which was the work of my own hands. I stood and stitched at the book and blossom for two years together.

I filled a little vase with roses, and placed it on the table, and then I went to the door.

In the morning, thanks to the kindness and attention of my mother, the ankle was better, and our guest seemed very much inclined to stay.

He told us his name was William Arnold, and was very fond of reading, and of poetry, and of flowers, and small salary.

I, dear, I always detested hoarding and preservation. My mother liked it too, and father had had books of the kind. So I understood strange sensation of loneliness. "Or, perhaps, that's only a sensation," he added, laughingly, among the flowers. "Perhaps I am only fond of them because I am a little feeble, and Kitty drew out her flowers, and her love of them, and I and the man seemed opposite a new-born.

"Can I call them by the pet name you have given them?" I said, timidly of the tall, spare-limped female who was my mother's friend, and who had spent her rich coats.

"Certainly, my dear," was the rather unelegance reply, as the woman pushed forward a pot of mignonette and a basket of pinks. I took the plants with eager eyes up and down the garden, and began to arrange them in the counter, and more justly one another in bewildering juxtaposition.

WARNER—A lively and agreeable young person to fill the position of lady's companion. Application to be made to a widow in affluent circumstances. Apply to 1, L. S., No——street.

The brown, dewy light sparkled into Kitty's eyes, as she sighed upon the particular advertisement.

"A very plain?" she exclaimed, half aloud. "No, never, dear. That surely cannot be very far off. Oh, if I only could get it! But I'm freaky, I know, and I would try so hard to be good and nice. Oh, dear, I'll go and see about my outfit."

WANTED—A lively and agreeable young person to fill the position of lady's companion. Application to be made to a widow in affluent circumstances. Apply to 1, L. S., No——street.

"Is this a widow?" I said.

"I am a stranger."

"But you must know there is no harm in him."

"He face proves that."

"Oh, he is very young, and for the first time in years our dull house will be alive. My mother grow well, he left us in the morning" to shake his acquaintance with his friends, and came back by sunset. He read to us, sang to us, and talked to us.

I fell young blood in my veins, and shook off my languor.

The hour of our boarder's coming was the happiest of the day, and the one day until a treat. Often after it we sat under the pear tree—the night being quiet on the parlour—and I sang and played to him. Sometimes he left me alone, and he would read to us.

Then he told me about his office in which he told me that my mother would be forgotten too long—the my mind would be forgotten too long—the fact of my betrothal. Then I sang and tried to be very quiet, but I could not help my heart from leave me spoke, but he caught my hand and kissed it.

We were troubled because the old lady in Jamaica lived so long.

"I cannot, I must not," I answered.

"You must not what?" he said, "say something to tell you—something you must have guessed long ago. Garnet, you are my little wife, and I love you, for I love you very fondly and cruelly are the longing of my heart. Garnet, you do not love me a little you will make me the happiest man in the world."

They were very simple words, but his look and voice were full of feeling. His love could not be mine. His fingers enclosed my own, his eyes looked into mine, I knew that this was them from him nothing.

"Oh, I love you very—very, very strong. Forgive me—pity me. It was so hard to resist you. I am not worthy of you. I am only a poor girl from a child; I am to be married to my mother. No right had I to listen to you."

I paused, choked by my sobs; but he twined his arm about me.

"Some one should have told me that—he said. "How could I know? Garnet, you are my love, my life, Garnet."

"We are never seen him," said I.

"And you do love me?"

"I only ought not to do this man rich?"

"Garnet," he said, "I am wealthy," I said.

"And I am poor," I said, and tried so wrong to be good and wealth stolen and give you up? I am not worthy of you."

"I am an angel," I said. "It was a solemn compact signed by my father and mother."

"A compact no one has the right to make for another," said Alister, "and I refuse to keep it."

I trembled. I plotted to his arm—my head sank on his shoulder. There was a step sounded on the path, and my mother stood before us.

"Garnet," she said, "I am shocked. My aunt is not dead, and I am sorry to say that I am not sorry. We shall have to part, my dearest Kitty. You'll let me call you so?"

"Certainly," said the gentle—how sweet that word is!

She hesitated, and her voice died suddenly away, as she saw that the figure that shielded a door way, as she saw that the room was abruptly filled, and that figure entered—a man's figure. He was advancing into the apartment, but stopped half-way as his eye fell on Kitty.

"I thought you were alone."

"My dear Enderie, don't go," said Mrs. Leslie, recovering her smiling equanimity. "This is my friend, Miss Elder—my confidential companion. Kitty, this is my brother, Mr. Hughes."

Kitty inclined her head, but could not help looking, in the one hurried glance she cast towards the tall gentleman, that there was no very striking family resemblance, for he was swarthy, with sunken black eyes, and a heavy under-jaw partially covered by black moustaches.

"Have you transacted any business yet this morning?" asked Mr. Hughes, contemplating the sparkle of his ring.

"No—and that reminds me, I really ought to do a little shopping before it gets any warmer. You'll go with me, won't you, Kitty?"

Certainly Kitty would go anywhere with Mrs. Legrande Leslie; was not it appropriate to her position as companion?

And so Mrs. Leslie, in a tumbled black tulle bonnet, and a lace shawl pinned awry, preceded Kitty into her elegant little brougham, which rolled so softly along the streets as if its springs were made of velvet.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Leslie, glancing over the pockets of a dainty purple porte-monnaie, "I have bought anything under that fifty dollar bar note. Kitty, would you object to stopping at one of those stores and getting change?"

"Not at all," Kitty said; but nevertheless, in her inmost heart, she wished that Mrs. Leslie had not asked her.

As the brougham drew up in front of one of the marble-fronted emporiums of the great city, Mr. Hughes, who stepped out with the lady in her hand.

"Good and free, if you please, my dear," called Mrs. Leslie, modestly, after her.

Kitty made no comment, waiting for the change—there, she was almost certain, Madame Delmonico and Stiva's were not brought back. She could see the heads of the counter and the three clerks close together, as if in deep confidence, and the whole of the change had taken up the bank-note required, looking curiously at Kitty's humble, expressionless face.

"I'm sure you think you are aware that this is a bad bill," he said, gravely, returning it to her.

"Bad?" echoed Kitty.

"Yes."

As she stood staring at him in speechless amazement, he was called away to attend to other customers.

"Mrs. Leslie cannot know it," thought Kitty as she began to retrace her steps.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Leslie, scornfully. "What nonsense! It's because they didn't want the trouble of changing it. Kitty, what is it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is that young man in the door-way behind those stands the one that refused to take it?"

"Yes."

With a deep shadow the crimson silk fringe of the brougham threw over Mrs. Leslie's face, she turned her back behind them.

"There's a large drug-store a step or two further down, Kitty. They always accommodating at drug stores. Suppose you try there, my dear."

"But——"

"Suppose, Kitty! I tell you I know the bill is good."

Kitty said nothing now, and her full lips quivered as she pushed Kitty away from the counter.

"Mrs. Leslie ordered, Sparkling Champagne that Mrs. Leslie does not understand the drug counter took the bill and scrutinized it closely from every side, and questioned the young lady mysteriously of Kitty.

"I don't see the change in tens and fives, sir, if convenient," said Miss.

"Oh, I don't understand just now, my girl," said a gruff voice behind her, as a stalwart policeman laid his great hand on her arm. "You are my prisoner."

Kitty grew pale as death, and uttered a wild scream, as she caught at the counter for support.

"Oh—what do you mean? There is some mistake!" she gasped.

"I'm afraid so, indeed, my dear; but I guess there isn't any mistake," said the old woman, as she looked at the clerk she had seen at the first store, who stood behind the counter. "I guess you will settle this little matter out of hand."

Kitty looked, pleaded poor Kitty, though her cause was hopeless, but all in vain.

Mrs. Leslie—said it was quite good, or I never should have tried to put it a second time.

"And lady!" Where is she?"

"In a carriage—at the door."

"Bring her in."

Kitty eagerly hurried out, but, to her infinite surprise, Mrs. Legrande Leslie was gone. She all had vanished as utterly as if they had never been there. In vain she gazed wildly up and down the street, and pushed her tearful eyes—she could see no trace of the brougham or the carriage remained. Kitty fainted away at the feet of the policeman, with the crumpled note of crooks edgeling pair her, like the treated of the counterfeit bill, which had caused her arrest.

When she returned to the possession of her senses, she found herself in a long, sunny little room, with Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Leslie standing over her, and a strange, cadaverous, sallow-looking gentleman, whom she afterwards learned was a physician, and Uncle Edmund indecisively fanning her.

"Kitty, my dear, I'm all right" began Kitty.

Uncle Edmund, the moment he saw her brown Kitty's pretty golden hair, and her large, tearful blue eyes, rushed to some table, and, pouring out a glass of water, handed it to her.

"Drink it all right, my dear," said Uncle Edmund, the moment he saw her brown Kitty's pretty golden hair, and her large, tearful blue eyes, rushed to some table, and, pouring out a glass of water, handed it to her.

"Oh, well, well," sobbed Kitty, tugging desperately at her neck, until the good lady grew purple in the face. "Oh, well, well, what will they do with me? And how came you here?"

And then Aunt Myra explains, with a good deal of confusion, that Mrs. Leslie, having left Kitty, had, the case of Kitty's cards being found in her pocket, and her friends being sent for, had sent a little of Uncle Edmund's business-card to Aunt Myra, who had come to the rescue in this particular predicament, had set all the complications to rights, and that she now considered Kitty under her especial care, and that she would not hear of any blame whatever, and free from any blame whatever.

"And first, my dear, Judge Brayne wants a little talk with you about this matter. Here's what's her name——"

And the kind old lady and genial judge all she knew.

"Judge Brayne was right. Neither Mrs. Legrande Leslie, nor her brother, Mr. Roderic Hughes, were ever heard of.

"I'm sorry," said the policeman who returned from his useless errand; "if I'd caught 'em, I could have broken up the worst counterfeiting gang this side of the Pacific!"

And Kitty, trembling at the pets she had so narrowly escaped, received never again—so, not for forty lovers—to leave the home of Uncle Edmund and Aunt Myra.

—The repentance that is delayed until old age, is but too often a regret for the inability of committing more sins.

WIT AND HUMOR.

—THE DEVIL TO PAY.—This phrase, doubtless, originated in the following manner: An ocean boat-swain's duty consisted of wages. "John," says the captain, "take to the tank-keeper, "have stands the cask secure?" "Small balsam on hand, sir." "Let's see," rejoined the gentleman, "how far that will go to-morrow morning the hands." John begins to ponder, unfortunately; so much due to Pompey, so much to Sambo, so much to Cuffee, and so on. "Why, sir," at last John says, "I'm afraid there will be a little short. There is not enough to go round, by a half, I'm afraid." "No, sir; shall not enough, by a half, I'm afraid." "No, sir; shall not enough, by a half, I'm afraid." "No, sir; shall not enough

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THE TEACHINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

BY JAMES WATSON.

The writings of Confucius, as before observed in these columns, are the Bible of the Chinese. They are even more than that. Every man in China who aspires to the public service, and who receives a liberal education, devotes his mental energies chiefly from them, and the candidate for public honors undergoes a strict examination in them. In every city of the empire there is at least one temple dedicated to Confucius, upon the altar of which fruit, wine and flowers are placed, and sweet-smelling gums are burned, while verses are chanted in his honor. Every intelligent person must desire to know something of the works of a man who holds the first place in the affections and highest educational opinion of one-third of the human race.

His works are five in number. The first treats of what we should call Moral Philosophy; the second contains the History of China, and a statement of its political and religious institutions; the third, called the "Book of Verses," may be styled the psalms and hymns of ancient Chinese; the fourth is the liturgy or prayer book; the fifth, which is the most important of all, contains, omitting the liturgy of the public worship, the code of conduct for the whole people, and forms, so to speak, the statute book. These works are, however, that Confucius seldom quotes from them, but

"The doctrine," he says, "which I try to teach is no new one, but what our ancestors taught, and what they have transmitted to us as a sacred and holy thing to them, and taken nothing from it. I transmit them in my turn to you in their original purity. They are unchangeable. Heaven itself is their author. I am, with regard to them, only what a farmer is to the seed which he sows; he causes it on the ground, and he rears it; he waters it, and gives it all his pains. That is all that he can do; the rest is not in his power."

In addition to the works of Confucius, we are told that Confucius did suppress many extravagances in the ancient chronicles, and that the whole system of Chinese morality and philosophy is an original one.

Confucius does not closely touch the doctrines of one Supreme Being, nor does he attempt to explain the origin of things, nor does he, nevertheless, interfere with the traditions of all the past, that there exists a "Supreme Ruler," the author of all things, and who is equally the source of the reason of man. "The good man," says Confucius, "who establishes his doctrine in accordance with the principles of reason, and in accordance with a conscious virtue, by which he is penetrated, is in harmony with the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth," he says, "and a beneficence will rest on him and his children, and he will succeed in all that he undertakes." Again, he says, "All material things were formed of male and female appeared, man and woman." In accordance with the traditions of all the past, Confucius says that "a man who strictly keeps and pays, and fulfils what he owes to God, will be happiness and purity." He also teaches this, "by the side of reverence, and the reverence, and the fear of God, and virtue."

The fundamental principle is this: Man has received from Heaven, along with his physical organization, a principle of moral life, which it is his duty to cultivate and develope to the utmost, in order to attain as a perfect constitution to the relations and duties thereto. This is man's business on earth; and the object of Confucius was to aid his countrymen in accomplishing it. "Every man," he says, "is free and able to do or may know it, and the law of duty is not far off from us, but is right next to us; it is not in heaven or on earth, but it is in the heart and in the thickness of a hair." The fundamental duties of all men, he repeats a hundred times, "is the virtue of individual men. With this everything begins, and for this every good habit and duties works." Every man who aspires to effect the salvation of others should know, says Confucius, by perfecting himself, and it is only when he has done so that man can comprehend the Supreme Reason, and put himself in harmony with the universe. The only way to reform the world, he says, who know themselves and their duties to their fellow-men, and to those for whom virtue is sovereign, and who are constantly seeking it as the sovereign good.

The principal virtues, according to Confucius, are five in number: Humanity; virtue or love; sincerity and integrity; and of these, humanity, the love of our kind, is the first and most important one. Humanity is that universal charity and benevolence which is no respecter of persons, but embraces the whole human race. This virtue, he explains, is not opposed to the proper interest of the guilty, but permits us to have recourse to war only after having exhausted all the means of conciliation. It includes justice, conformity to the eternal standard, the perfect sincerity and good faith in all our dealings with one another. It is a part of it to respect public opinion; but it does not oblige us to conform to public opinion in everything. "Be sincere," he says, "in which in which a man must go directly contrary to public opinion, and you should comply with the customs of his country except in so far as they are right." "Man," says Confucius, "is a being made to live in society; but there can be no society without government, no government without subordination, no subordination without duties, and no duties without sincerity." Sincerity can only be derived from virtue. "The Supreme Ruler and mother naturally rule their children; the elder, the younger; and, in the state, those men naturally rule who have a commanding mind, and know how to win the affections of their fellow men." This high perceptive holiness to his five of the human race, and it contains wholly in a superior humanity. "To have more humanity than others is to be more of a man than they, and gives one a right to command." Again and again Confucius says, "humanity is the foundation of all virtue, and is itself the first and noblest of the virtues."

He dwells much upon the loveliness and necessity of perfect sincerity. "It is this theory," he says, "which gives value to our actions and constitutes their merit; without it, that which appears virtue is only hypocrisy; which, being ever it may seem and obtain the beholder, is only a tenacious flame which dies down in the lightest passion instantly extinguishes it."

As the source of all virtue, and the one which Confucius considers of most importance is filial piety. He calls it "the queen of all the virtues, the source of moral conduct, the eternal law of heaven, the essence of the earth, the support of authority, the chief head of society, and the law of all men." Man, he says, is the noblest being in the universe, and this piety is the one thing in man. It comprehends those grand classes of duties: those which we owe to God, those which are due to the government, and those which are due to the domestic economy. It is an binding upon the emperor as upon the lowest of his subjects. "We are to love princes," says Confucius, "if the love which we have for our mother and the respect we feel for our father, because he is both the father and the mother of his subjects. It is filial piety that which obliges man to honor and serve the celestial spirits. He honors the spirits of the ancestors of virtue." "But," says the sage, "love even great, and the love of a father and mother even towards his father, or a subject towards his king, is never equal to the general love of virtue; for there is a supreme LAW to that of either a father or a king, the law of the Supreme Reason."

"Man," says Confucius, "is a being apart, in which are united the qualities of all the other beings. He is the universe in miniature, endowed with intelligence and liberty. Capable of improvement and social life, he can discern, compare and decide for himself, and can rise by his own means necessary to arrive at that end. He can govern himself or become a slave to passion; he can do good or bad use which he makes of his liberty. He knows what is good, and what is right; he knows that he has duties to perform and rights to exercise, and that he is responsible for he acquits himself of those different duties, he is a man, and deserves praise; and if he neglects them, he is guilty, and deserves punishment."

The doctrine of the equality of men is equal in their moral worth.

"Among men," he says, "numerous class comprehends the great mass of the people, who, without any particular excellence, who spend only the ordinary days of life, without inquiring whether they speak well or ill, or whether they act right or wrong, and who, if they can read and reading; who have an understanding, like that of the women, of little extent, and who do not go beyond the eyes, ears and mouth. These are the people."

The second class is composed of those who are endowed with a higher knowledge than the vulgar; who propose to themselves certain objects, and who employ certain means by which they may be obtained; who, without having penetrated into the sanctuary of science, have yet gone for instruction to others, and to live a life conformed to established forms and usages. Confucius calls men he styles "the Ethodoxi."

The third class consists of men, in their words, their actions, and in the general conduct of their lives, endeavor so as to free themselves from all mixture of error; not discouraged when they find difficulties in science. Confucius calls men "the Philosophers."

The fourth class consists of men who never depart from the just medium—who have fixed rules of conduct, and who never change from one never depart; who fulfil with perfect exactness the knowledge of which equal to that of the third duties; who regrets their passions and watch over their actions with severity; who employ their labor pain in bringing back to their duty those who have wandered from it; who cultivate the ignorant, and is rendering to all men any service in their power. Confucius calls men the poor or rich, expecting no reward, and not even desiring it. "Such men," he says, "are those called a sacred. These are "the Virtuous."

The fifth and highest class of the few men who, possessing divine virtues, are endowed by heaven with a superior intelligence, and those who are lovely in their persons and manners as models, "by the practice of which," he says, "we may become the lords of fulfilling, without any effort, all the duties of life." "Such men," he says, "are sent among their people; who discovery eyes and ears, with their fingers, and who, by their words, their actions, and their general conduct of their lives, put us on in their course imperturbable and unchangeable." "Such men," says Confucius, "are the Perfect."

"Every man," he says, "has a certain degree of knowledge and virtue, and the degree of knowledge and virtue which he has received from Heaven, along with his physical organization, a principle of moral life, which it is his duty to cultivate and develope to the utmost, in order to arrive at a perfect constitution to the relations and duties thereto. This is man's business on earth; and the object of Confucius was to aid his countrymen in accomplishing it. "Every man," he says, "has a certain degree of knowledge and virtue, and the degree of knowledge and virtue which he has received from Heaven, along with his physical organization, a principle of moral life, which it is his duty to cultivate and develope to the utmost, in order to arrive at a perfect constitution to the relations and duties thereto. This is man's business on earth; and the object of Confucius was to aid his countrymen in accomplishing it.

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THE FISHERMAN AND THE FLOUNDER;

OR

THE WOMAN WHO WANTED TO BE POPE.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A fisherman, poor as poor can be,
Who lived in a hovel beside the sea,
Was fishing one day, when "Ho! Ho!" he cries,
"I've caught a flounder of wondrous size!
As this is a fish I like to eat,
I'll keep it for supper, sweet and neat."

But the flounder, frightened at what he heard,
Let the flounder go with never a word
Except "Good-by!" and "Many thanks!"
That cook a flounder who talks like you!"
He bore near the fisherman upright,
And told his wife of the fish he caught,
And how he let it go in spite
For he let the flounder go again!
"Did you ask for nothing?" the woman cried.
"You should have asked for a cottage instead,
And not like a fool have let the fish
Go back to the water without a wish!"
"Why, wife," said he, "I did not think
To ask for anything!" "You did not think!"
Said she, "and you never think at all!
I am not a fish, but a Prince instead;
And you have to suffer this name and me
For I beg, good man, you will let me go
To

WHAT I SAW TO-NIGHT—JULY 4th.

BY ETHEL LYN.

I saw such a beautiful thing to-night
Whilst looming rockets spiralled the sky
And watching stars flung splendor
Blazed and blither (sic) softly.

It was not the whirl of the "Pyrotic Rose,"
Nor the "pin-wheels" blue and crimson skies,
Nor circling rainbow fires throbbing fire
Fenian vivid, and rose, and green.

It was not the sound with its light,
Nor rainbow tree through golden rain—
Nor its roar, like a storm of wind
Which put their glory once to shame.

Starting and each enjoyed the crowd,
Eager to see these tricks of fire—
Parents in rapt looked sang up
Cartoon of looming in the note.

Then what was it that was really great
Adds, and might make right to be,
I say now for last night—a thing
Unseen human love can be.

A widow's mansion, poor and old,
In shabby hood and gingham gown,
Stood sitting with her work-worn hand,
Happy as she was even a crown.

What cared she for the fairy fire
Rose in a carriage like a throne,
Cast like a queen, the envious eye
The haughty dame was safe alone.

The eyes were old and sorrowful eyes,
(He specs) was plain as it could be;
Yet as in all her features a ray
A goody sight it seemed to me.

As here and there in glamour fell
Down on the shabby little hood,
Showing the face I loved so well
Of dear sweet widow sister mother old.

And then they waited through the show—
He were watching for her sight,
While she in simple wonder gazed
At sizzling and wondrous flight.

So this was what I saw to-night
That seemed most beautiful to me—
Strength tried and trusted by the weak,
Love faithful everlastingly.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "HOMELESS," "THE DAN-GATER," "RETRIBUTION," "FALSE PRIDE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE POLICEMAN'S REPORT.

"Now, ma'am, I don't—but hurry his father was at the bottom of it—I know it, and I'll stand to it.

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh, Anna, Anna, you have done evil, all this day!"

"No, I don't; we must find out from her whence and how we are to begin to search. Now, Flea, why do you think Lord Kilcrotchan was concerned in this matter?"

"Oh, Miss Hermione, it stands to reason as he was. Lonny is his own son, which also they are very fond of each other—Lonny of he, and he also of Lonny! And so it was natural he should want to have him. I'm not saying as he was right or anything like right, but it was so."

"Oh, Flea, I see, I see! Lonny and Lord Kilcrotchan were together! Flea, where were you when you missed Lonny?" inquired Drusilla, distractedly.

"Oh, ma'am! oh, mleus, don't take on so—don't, and I will tell you! He was down on the Strand, looking at a tow-age—oh, dear! oh, me! oh, poor little Lonny?"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, stop crying, and tell me more! You were before a tug-away you say?" said Drusilla, in extreme anxiety.

"Yes, ma'am, a-looking in at the windows, at the wooden soldiers, and horses, and ships; and there comes along a man with an organ and a dancing-monkey, and little Lonny turned away from the window to look at the monkey. And a street collection. They was mostly children. And little Lonny is fond of children—and so am I, for that matter—oh, my heart will break!"

"Compose yourself, and go on, Flea!" said Anna.

"I'm makin. Oh! oh, dear! Yes—well, then I was a-looking at the monkey, and the monkey was mostly ragged and dirty street children—and I was aware of Lonny, and then, I was not, and so I kep him to myself, as I did. Oh! oh, dear! oh, my heart will break!"

"Compose yourself, and go on, Flea!" said Anna.

"I'm makin. Oh! oh, dear! Yes—well, then I was a-looking at the monkey, and the monkey was mostly ragged and dirty street children—and I was aware of Lonny, and then, I was not, and so I kep him to myself, as I did. Oh! oh, dear! oh, my heart will break!"

"And I saw two ill-looking men in the crowd. And I thought of the kidnapping of a boy some time, because ill-looking men ain't no rarity in London, and that I knew of my own self; and these men, most of their ill-looks was in their hats and ragged clothes, and their evil eyes and faces. And while I was a-taking notice of 'em, Lonny, one of 'em spoke to the other—

"There—that's the young 'un.'

"And the other said—

"Which?

"And the first one stoops and whispers to the other, as I couldn't hear. And then they look at me at the crowd a little ways, and began to talk like this stop-and-come-onward-and-talk. And indeed, indeed, I had no notion then as they was talking about little Lonny, and kidnapping, as they were, though I have thought so since; but I was, and I see little Lonny I twice, somebody would knock my brains out, so I do! Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh—"

"Pass, stop howling, and go on with this statement!" said Anna, authoritatively. And Drusilla clasped her hands, and listened in an agony of anxiety.

"Well, ma'am, after the men turned away, I kep' looking at the monkey, for I was afraid to give to the dancing-monkey—and I gave him all I had, and he ran into the crowd to put them into the hat the monkey was holding out."

"And then you saw Lonny?" said Anna.

"Ma'am, you know how sudden and self-willed he is! He sprang away from me before I could say a word. And I was a-looking for him, and, just at that very moment, there came driving down the street—and they was driving like crowd, a man with his head bare and bloody, followed by a mob—crowd, all yelling at the top of their voices!

"Stop him! stop him!"

"And they overturned the organ man and his dancing-monkey, and knocked me and others down in the confusion! found me said fetched me home. Oh, dear! oh, me, ma'am! oh, dear, what will become of my poor little Lonny! I was a-looking at the monkey, and I was aware of him, and then I was not! Oh, dear! oh, mleus! oh, dear! oh, me! oh, my heart will break!"

"Now stop. Let us talk calmly for a moment," said Anna, collectively. "Let me see, then, Lonny could not have been carried off by these three brothers; because, if he had been, a louder little creature like himself would have been thrown down, run over, and left behind, and you would have found him on the ground, more or less injured."

"That was what I was a-dreading of every minute, Miss Anna. Oh, little Lonny! dear little Lonny!"

"Therefore, continued Anna, "I am inclined to my second idea, and, as must have been started on by some one and carried off under cover of the confusion. Now, Flea, you are evidently dotted on one of the side streets or alleys, and, dumping out what has given you a start."

"Yes, ma'am, I remember seeing them bad-looking men and hearing what they said. They was a-watching of their opportunity to seize little Lonny and run away with him; and do you see they must have been set on by his father, who wanted him—for what cold would they have to take the child?—they who didn't look as if they was overburdened with riches, or for any other emotions, to tell the holy truth; no, nor likewise did they look as if they was able to keep themselves from starving, much less a child; so it stands to reason as they was hired to strike little Lonny by some as who did love him, and was able to keep him, and who could that have been but his own father?"

"Flea, I think you are probably right in your conjecture, for I cannot even imagine what motive two such men as you described could possibly have for stealing a child like Lonny. They must have been employed by his father, and if so they must have been engaged some days ago, and have been on the lookout for the very first show."

"Oh Anna, Anna, do you really think he is with his father? If I thought so, one-half this horrible anxiety would be quieted. Anna, do you truly think Lonny is with Alick?" cried Drusilla, clasping her hands.

"I have little doubt that Alexander employed these men for little Lonny's mother. I have no doubt but that, for the sake of gain, they will faithfully perform their part of the contract. The only wonder is that Alick should have employed such very disreputable instruments."

"Flea, is that all?—Do you know no more?" said Miss Drusilla Dreary.

"It is all, deluse—every bit. I have told but not only all that happened, but all I seed and heard and even thought."

"Now then for action," said the young nephew, rising with a new-born resolution and ringing the bell.

The waiter answered it.

"Order a cab for me immediately, and come and let me know when it is at the door," said Will.

And when the man went away to do her bidding, she turned to Flea and said—

"Stop crying, and do as I direct you. Go to the kitchen and keep out of my sight, glowing and sensible."

"I will sobbing, wait to obey.

"And now, Anna, if you wish to accompany me, you can get ready for the street. I am going to do in the meanwhile."

"Will you tell me, Drusilla?" inquired Mrs. Hammond, wondering to see the agonized mother suddenly take the lead and act with so much firmness.

"I am going to institute a search for little Lonny. I must find him before I sleep. Use your influence, Anna dear, to-night, will you, staying at home."

"I will do with you most certainly," said Mrs. Hammond, leaving the room to prepare for her walk.

Meanwhile Drusilla sat down to her writing-desk, and wrote the following advertisement:

Anna returned ready for her drive, and found Drusilla thus occupied.

"What in the world are you doing, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Hammond.

"Preparing slips of paper that may, or may not, be needed; for the present moment, I see, here is a telegram to be sent to uncle at Southampton, announcing, if necessary, the arrival of an advertisement, description of little Lonny's person and dress, and the circumstances of his disappearance, and the reward offered for his restoration. Will, I am ready. Please, Anna, write down papers. Still I hope that some of these slips may not be needed. I shall first go to Mivart's, where Alexander stops, or did stop, when in London, and see if he has left the child in his possession. If we find that Lonny is not there, I shall then go to the police. For I feel sure that my boy will be assisted and protected by a noble within, and know that I have come home to me, and Alick will never be so base as to refuse to furnish me with news. But we do not find him with Alick, then we must have recourse to the police, and I am determined to summon uncle back to town; and no more shall Alexander escape punishment. I will go to the police, and pound all over London; and I will not rest, night or day, until I have found Lonny, or as many of it as we can procure. Now, Will, I am ready. Anna, you and Flea can wait here. I will be with you again in a few hours, dears."

"Drusilla, Drusilla, how you do astonish me! Who would have believed that you—a timid, nervous woman—could have written such notes—could have displayed so much coolness and resolution? You are an heir to your own forbearing," exclaimed Anna, in genuine admiration.

"Yes—yes, Anna, I am myself astonished at to anything, like disciplined soul-in self-control."

The carriage drove up, the bell sounded, and the waiter appeared and announced—

"Your cab, ma'am."

"Come, then," said Drusilla.

And the two ladies left, and attended by Flea, she hurried down stairs.

The waiter secured the cab, gave the order, and were driven rapidly towards Mivart's hotel.

Drusilla's anxiety increased as they neared the entrance.

Drusilla sat pale and still, suffering inexpressible anguish, yet controlling herself by a mighty effort.

Anna was occupied by her own anxious thoughts, which were directed in relation to Mivart's in search of Alick to be quite calm, and considered it best to leave the matter entirely to where time was of vital importance; yet she could not help wondering at Drusilla's strange absence of Alexander, for she had been living with her husband for years, and was scarcely expressing the young wife's grief which Anna considered in the circumstances. She could not understand how those men to carry him off; and had most probably been employed by some one else, and not by Alexander. Therefore, although she knew there was no time to lose, she could not help wondering at the strange hope of hearing of little Lonny. The man would not have employed their employer's absence, and Anna could not understand how he believed but truest hatred that he did shrink even from the casual glance of his eye in public; and how she was going to Mivart's in quest of one; after all that had passed, she was voluntarily seeking him; true, she said was to find the child; true, she said was not her husband; but—would she ask to see Alexander? Could she endure to see him? What were her thoughts and feelings on that subject? Anna would ask.

"Drusilla," she said, "when we reach Mivart's shall you wish to your card to Alexander?"

The young mother started. She had been in

a deep reverie about the present condition of her child, and had not heard her distinctly.

Anna repeated her question.

"Yes; I shall send in my card," she said.

"And shall you see him?"

"That shall be as he pleases. Here is the card that I have prepared to send in to him," she continued, taking from her gold case a small envelope directed to Lord Killerichtoun, and drawing from it her card, bearing the name, "MRS. ALEXANDER LYON," and the pencilled lines, "*Only tell me little Lenny is with you and is safe and I will thank and bless you.*" "I shall send that up. He can reply to it by a pencilled line, or a verbal message, or he can come down and see me, as he wills," said Drusilla.

"Drusa, you have thought of everything; you have prepared for every emergency. But maternal love is a great sharpener of the wits, I suppose," said Anna.

"It confers a sixth sense I sometimes think, Anna," she replied.

When they reached the splendid palace in the West End known as Mivart's Hotel, the ladies alighted, and were shown into an elegant reception room, where they sat down.

Drusilla then called a hall waiter, gave him her enveloped card, and directed him to take it at once to Lord Killerichtoun.

"Lord Killerichtoun is not in town, madam," replied the man.

"Not in town!" exclaimed Drusilla, disappointment and terror seizing her heart and blanching her face. "I thought he was in town! I saw him last night at the American Embassy. Does he not stop here?"

"Yes, madam; my lord has apartments here, but he left suddenly this morning by the early train for Southampton."

"For Southampton!" echoed Drusilla, in surprise and dismay, and with the vague fear that his journey thither was in some fatal way the occasion of General Lyon's and Dick's sudden departure for that port.

"Yes, madam," answered the imperturbable waiter, "my lord left by the eight o'clock train, taking his servants with him."

"When will he return?"

"Can't possibly say, madam. My lord set no day for his return. But if you will excuse me, I will make so bold as to say I do not think he will be gone long. He took nothing but a small portmanteau with him."

Drusilla reflected a moment and then sealing her envelope, and handing it to the waiter with a crown piece, she said:

"Will you be so kind as to send this to his address at Southampton?"

"Why, madam, if you would not mind risking the note, I might send it at a venture to the Dolphin Tavern at Southampton, where it might chance to meet my lord, as that is the house he usually has his letters and papers sent to, when down there. But I am not quite certain now about his address, seeing that he never left any orders this time where to send his letters. But if this is not very valuable, you might run the risk of sending it to the Dolphin."

"I thank you, send it immediately to the Dolphin. It is not of itself of any worth, except as a message to Lord Killerichtoun. If it does not find him, it might as well be lost," said Drusilla, rising to go.

But Anna had also something to say to the waiter. Laying her hand upon Drusilla's arm, she pressed her back into her seat, and then turning to the man, she inquired:

"Has any one beside ourselves been here to inquire for Lord Killerichtoun?"

[illegible]

"Gentlemen or ladies?"

"No ladies, madam. Three gentlemen were in to see him very early this morning, before he went away."

"Ah, but I mean since he went away."

"Oh, yes, madam, quite a number."

"Again, gentlemen or ladies?"

"Neither one nor the other, madam; *men*."

"Men! Ah! what sort of men?"

"Common, roughs, madam."

"Yes! yes! did any of these men have a child with them?"

"Beg pardon, madam?"

"I ask you if either of these rough-looking men had a child with him—a fair-haired, blue-eyed little boy, of about two years old."

"No, madam, certainly not."

"You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure, madam."

"Well, waiter, attend now to me. We have lost a child—and have some reason to suppose that the child was brought to this house this afternoon."

"It has not, madam, I can assure you."

"We have cause to believe, then, that he will be brought here—Drusilla, dear, give me one of your cards and one of these advertisements—Now here, waiter, is a description of the child; and here is our address. If such a child should be brought here, I desire that you will detain him, and those who bring him, and send for us. Do this and you shall be richly rewarded."

"I will do it, ma'am, if the little boy should be brought here," said the man.

And then, as time was precious, Drusilla and Anna arose and re-entered their cab.

"Where now, Drusilla?" inquired Anna, as they seated themselves.

Instead of answering her cousin immediately, Drusilla beckoned the cabman to approach, and said:

"Drive to the nearest Telegraph Office, and drive fast."

The man touched his hat, shut the door, mounted his box and started his horses.

Then Drusilla turned to her cousin and explained:

"My dear Allck may, or may not have employed those men to carry off little Lenny. If he has done so, he could not have expected them to do his errand to-day, else certainly he would not have left town with the chance of leaving the child in such hands. In that view of the case I left my card with the pencilled lines for the waiter to send to him, to let him know that Lenny is in the hands of his agents, supposing that they *are* his, and in any case to let him know the child is missing."

"Oh, Drusilla! how clearly you speak, and yet and yet how wretchedly you look! Heaven help you poor, young mother!" said Mrs. Hammond, as the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh, Anna! don't, don't, dear! don't pity me! don't say anything to weaken me! I have need of all my strength!" cried Drusilla, through her white and quivering lips.

Anna, with heaving bosom and overflowing eyes, turned her head away from her and looked out of the window.

"You asked me just now where we were going next. You heard me tell the cabman to drive to the Telegraph Office. I must send off two telegrams to Southampton. I cannot wait the slow motions of the mails. One I shall send to Alick, directed at a venture to the 'Dolphin.' The other I must send to uncle; but you must tell me where to direct that, as I do not know his address," said Drusilla.

"Dick told me, in any sudden emergency that might require his or grandpa's presence, to direct to them at the 'International,'" replied Anna.

"Very well; we will telegraph there."

At this moment the cab stopped before the Telegraph Office.

The office of course was full of people, and Anna and Drusilla had to wait their turn.

While standing at the counter, Drusilla borrowed pen, ink and paper from one of the clerks and wrote her two messages. The first, addressed to her husband, ran thus:

"*Little Lenny was stolen from his nurse, by two men, this afternoon, in the Strand, and has not yet been recovered.* DRUSILLA."

She submitted this to the examination of Anna, saying:

"That is quite enough and not too much to send. If he is concerned in the abduction, he will hasten at once to London to take the child from the dangerous hands he is in. If he is not so, still I think he will hurry hither to help in the search."

"You reason rightly, dear," said Anna.

Drusilla then wrote a second message, to be sent to General Lyon. It was couched in these terms:

"*Little Lenny is missing since this afternoon. Come to London by the first train. If in the interim you have time to do so, seek Alexander at the Dolphin and tell him.*"

This also she showed to Anna, saying:

"You see I had to modify my message since learning that Alexander was also in Southampton; and so also I had to destroy the slip I wrote at the Morley House and prepare this. Now I see it is my turn to be served," she said, taking her two messages and carrying them to the operator. She paid for them and then inquired:

"How soon will these go?"

"This instant, mum," answered the bothered operator, so brusquely that Drusilla did not venture to ask another question, but merely left her address and a request that if an answer came to either of her telegrams it might be forwarded immediately.

"Now, my dear, where next?" inquired Anna, as they re-entered their carriage.

"To the 'Times' office, and from there to all the newspaper offices in turn. It may not be really necessary to advertise; and I hope that it is not; but still I must lose no time and miss no chance," said Drusilla.

And having given her order to the cabman, she was driven rapidly to the head-quarters of the great thunderer.

She got out and left her advertisement. And then returning to her carriage, ordered it to the office of the "Post."

And so in succession she visited the offices of the "Chronicle," "Express," "Dispatch," "Leader," "News," "Bulletin," and, in short, of every daily paper in London.

In each of the offices she also, in addition to giving in her advertisement for the paper, ordered posters of the lost child to be printed, and engaged bill stickers to paste them up.

Next she drove to the lodgings of the Seymour family, to tell the colonel of the loss of little Lenny, and to ask him to assist her in the search for the child.

But here she was informed that Colonel Seymour and the latter were gone to the theatre; but that the servants did not know what particular theatre.

So Drusilla wrote a note and left it for the colonel.

It was now nine o'clock, and quite dark; and having done all she could possibly do towards the recovery of her child, she ordered the cabman to drive back to the hotel, to meet the horrors of her lonely night and forced inaction.

And, oh! the awful sense of bereavement, of loneliness, of vacancy, in entering again her apartments, in which little Lenny was no longer to be found! The heart-rending pang of terror in conjecturing where he might be!

While she had been busily, actively engaged in taking measures for his recovery, her thoughts had been somewhat distracted from concentrating themselves upon his present condition.

But now, when she had done all that she could possibly do towards finding him, now that she had come home to the old familiar rooms, made desolate by his loss, and was obliged to abide in inactivity within them,—now that she missed him everywhere and every moment,—the reaction from courage to despair was so sudden and overwhelming that her very brain reeled, her reason for the moment seemed imperilled. With a half-stifled cry, she sank upon her chair, muttering with gasping breath:

"It is not possible! it cannot be! Lenny gone, and I not know where he is! WAKE ME! WAKE ME! I have the night-mare!"

Anna sprang to her side, and put her arms around her, saying:

"Drusilla, Drusila! my darling, courageous girl! collect your powers—control yourself!"

"Is it TRUE, Anna? Oh, say it is not—not true! Lenny is NOT LOST!" she exclaimed, wildly gazing into Anna's eyes.

"We hope that he is safe wherever he is," said Anna, wishingly.

"Wherever he is! Oh, my Heaven, yes it is so! He is lost, and we do not know where to find him!" she exclaimed, distractedly starting up and walking the floor, and wringing and twisting her hands. "Where is he? where is he to-night? Oh, in all this great crowded city, where is my little child—my poor, little two-year old child, who cannot help himself? He is frightened to death wherever he is—I know it! He is calling for me! he is crying for me, at this very moment! Oh, my Lenny, my Lenny! I would go to you through fire if I knew where to find you in this great Babylon! I would, my little one, I would! But I do not know where in this wilderness to look for you to-night, and you must cry for me in vain, my little child, you must! Oh, what a horrible night! I cannot, I cannot live through it! I cannot breathe in this house! I must go out and look for him again! I must! I must!"

Her head was thrown back, her arms raised, and her hands clasped upon her throbbing temples, and she reeled as she walked to and fro in the room.

Anna who had kept near her, seeing her about to fall, caught her and made her sit down, while she said:

"Drusa, dearest, be reasonable! be yourself!"

"I must go out and look for my little child! I must, Anna! I must! I can not live through this horrible night if I stay in this house!" she cried.

"Drusa, consider! you can do no good by going out to-night, but much harm. You could not find little Lenny, but you would lose yourself. You have already done all that you possibly could do for his recovery. Having done so, leave the result to Heaven."

"Oh, if we could only know where he is!"

"We shall find out to-morrow, no doubt. The advertisements will be read; the posters will be seen; the large reward offered will stimulate inquiry; the detective police will be on the alert; and, in all human probability, before this time to-morrow little Lenny will be in your arms! and grandpa, and Dick, and who knows but Alick, too, will all be here rejoicing with you in your child's restoration! Drusilla, this cloud may have a silver lining; this transient trial may bring about a great happiness," said Anna, speaking with perhaps more cheerful confidence than she really felt.

"Heaven grant it! Oh, Heaven in its mercy grant it! But till then! But to-night! Oh, how shall I live through this horrible night! How will my little child endure it! my tender little child, who was never away from me before! And, oh, in what wretchedness he may be! in what terror! in what danger! crying for his mother to come and take him, and she knows not where to find him!"

"Drusilla! Drusila! use your own excellent judgment. Is it likely at all that the child should be in danger to-night, or even in terror? Children live and thrive in the lowest haunts of London. The men who stole him for his father will of course take the best possible care of him in order to deliver him in the best condition and to get their money; so he will be in no danger; and as for his being in terror, little Lenny is a 'game boy,' afraid of nothing on earth, neither of 'thunder nor horses,' as he once told me, much less of men; and as to crying for you, he is probably by this time fast asleep, and well watched, for his abductors know that he is a treasure that will bring money to their ragged pockets."

"Oh, if I could think so!—oh, if I could think so! Or if I could only know where he is—know where I might lay my hand on him to-night, or to-morrow, I might be at something like peace; but oh, Anna, it is distracting, it is maddening to feel that in all this huge, crowded city I do not know where he is!"

"Drusilla," said Anna, laying her hand upon the young mother's shoulder, looking in her eyes, speaking sweetly and solemnly, and appealing to the deepest feelings of the young Christian's soul. "Drusilla, if *we* do not know where little Lenny is to-night, *his Heavenly Father does*. He sees him, watches over him, protects him. What would *your* knowledge of his whereabouts, or *your* power to protect him, be to that of his Heavenly Father, Whose eyes are over all his works, Who is as All-Merciful as he is All-Mighty. Take this faith home to your heart and let it comfort you."

"Oh, Anna, that does comfort me. To think that the Lord knows where he is, though I do not; the Lord sees him, though I do not; the Lord can take care of him, though I cannot. Oh, I thought no one but the thieves could know where little Lenny is to-night; but behold the Lord knows! And I feared that I could do nothing more for him to-night; but behold I can pray to the Lord for him. I will spend the night in praying for him!" said the bereaved mother, growing somewhat more composed.

But there was no going to bed in the ladies' apartments that night.

As they had not broken their fast since morning, Anna ordered tea to be served in the drawing-room. Consumed by the feverish thirst brought on by mental distress, they drank some tea, but would eat nothing.

When the service was removed, both went to Anna's room, for Drusilla did not dare to trust herself within her own desolated chamber, and they changed their carriage dresses for loose wrappers, and they spent the night in vigil and in prayer.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE TRUE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Well the earnest poet's lyre,
Made of iron and of gold,
To his listening mighty nation
Sung upon the hills, of old—

Not in years we live, and dials
Are in vain; mind, heart, must count:
'Tis in noble thought and feeling
We to real being mount:

Thought that pierces, spans creation,
Feeling that will grandly wed
Human spirit to the Maker—
This unknown and we are dead.

Nations, marching in the Present,
Like that nation hear the lyre,
Like it with such thought and feeling
[illegible]

This the race that makes heroic;
This the life from which we rise
And win an everlasting movement
Mid the armies of the skies,
Every glorious heavenly moment
Winning yet another prize.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mrs. Markland was still a very handsome woman in spite of her forty-five years; tall and commanding in person, with features cast in the same mould as those of her son; from her also had Fenton inherited his abundant light hair, and that of his mother was still as bright and soft as in her youth. The color of the eyes was the same in both, though those of the young man were more animated and less expressive of pride than those of his mother.

She wore a heavy steel-gray silk, trimmed with black, with a filmy-lace collar fastened with a pin, in which was set the miniature of her last husband set around with pearls. She had made her toilette in the expectation that her son would arrive before the day was over, and had taken as much pains to impress him with her stately beauty as though he had been a stranger.

As Fenton looked into her haughty face and saw the play of her reticent lips, he felt the old spell coming back upon him, and he knew beforehand that he should be moulded by his tenacious mother to any course she willed him to take. She quietly said:

"I am most happy to welcome you to my house again, my son, but I have the sad mortification of fearing that you come to it unwillingly; that the news of my recent illness alone recalled you to the society of your mother and sisters. But that conviction shall make no difference in my treatment of you, for you are not less the hope of my heart and the pride of my life than you were in your boyhood, Godfrey. You are handsomer than ever, though you are looking jaded and unhappy."

"Dear mother, don't reproach me with the last, in the first moment of meeting. I have withheld nothing from you; my heart has been laid open to your inspection before I came hither, and I do hope that you will exercise some forbearance toward me. I am glad to be at home again, though I confess that I most unwillingly obeyed the summons that tore me from the one who is dearest to me in life."

"*Dearest!* Yes, I suppose the fondest mother must yield her claim to the warmest place in the heart of her son, even when he wooes a wife without her permission. But not another word of this before the children; when we are alone we can fully discuss the last insane letter you sent me, for I believe that nothing short of madness could have dictated it."

Fenton yielded passively to her imperious command, as he always did when he was under the magnetic influence of her presence. They sat down together in her luxuriously furnished chamber, and talked over the incidents of his journey, while the two girls listened with absorbing interest, both fully impressed with the conviction that their brother was the most elegant and delightful man the world could boast of. They had been brought up to make a sort of household divinity of their mother's eldest-born; and the affectionate petting he lavished on them had won the warmest affection of their young hearts.

As the last rays of the evening sunshine were fading from the landscape, Fenton took up his hat and, rising, said:

"I must go out before supper and visit the quarters; the negroes will expect to see me before I retire, and this is the hour for them to return from the field."

"Yes, it will be best for you to go now, for, when supper is over, I have much to say to you that is important to your future welfare," said Mrs. Markland significantly.

Fenton colored, bit his lip, and, followed by his sisters, left the room.

"We will go with you to see the darkies gather around you and make much of you, brother," said Dora, taking up her straw hat as she passed through the hall. Jenny tied a nubia over her head, and the three went out together.

They were detained in the yard by a group of house-servants, who had impatiently awaited Fenton's appearance, for not one of them had presumed to intrude on the interview between the mother and son. To each one he spoke some pleasant word of greeting, and his gay and cheerful ways made him very popular among those simple-hearted people, who prize a courteous manner to themselves above every thing else.

"God bless him! Marse Godfrey is the *real* gentleman!" was heard from more than one, as he moved on his way to the quarters.

A quarter of a mile distant was a double row of frame cottages shaded by forest trees, with a wide street between them and small gardens for vegetables in the rear. Each one had its poultry house, and many of them a fig-tree, as that is the only fruit the negroes will not devour in its unripe state.

The "people" were trooping in, bearing large baskets filled with cotton, to be weighed by the overseer, who was standing under a shed which projected from the gin-house. A pair of large scales were near him; and, in one hand, he held a slate, on which the number of pounds picked by each hand that day was jotted down opposite the name of the laborer.

The overseer nodded to Fenton, and went on with his employment, while the negroes crowded around him, and, as Dora had said, made much of him by calling down blessings on his handsome face and predicting all manner of good luck for him in the future. He had known them all from boyhood, and not one of them could recall a hard or unkind act of his in which they were concerned; therefore they all loved him; and when "Missis" settled him on a place of his own, as it was understood she intended to do when he married, each one vaguely hoped that he or she would chance to fall to Marse Godfrey, for no division of the slaves had yet been made, and they were ignorant to whom they were to fall when that was done.

Fenton was really glad to meet his sable friends again, and he returned to the house in better spirits and fortified for the formidable interview that he knew awaited him.

He found his mother in the dining-room with a brilliant array of china and silver before her, for she had set forth the best her house contained in honor of her son's arrival. The supper was delicate and deliciously cooked, and Fenton saw that his favorite dishes had not been forgotten. But he had little appetite in spite of the drive he had taken; and, after drinking a cup of tea and eating a few rice cakes, he amused himself with teazing his sisters till the meal was over.

When they arose from the table, Mrs. Markland led the way to the library, whither they were followed by Dora and Jenny. Fenton tried to put off the evil hour by detaining them to answer questions concerning their studies; and he learned that they attended a private school on the adjoining plantation, where an accomplished governess was employed. He listened with pretended interest to many anecdotes about Miss King's management of her pupils; but at length Mrs. Markland put an end to this by saying:

"It is eight o'clock, children; go to your room and prepare your lessons for to-morrow. I wish to talk with your brother in private, but on Saturday you shall have him all to yourselves."

"Oh, mamma," pouted Jenny, "I thought when Godfrey came that we were to have a holiday. We have but one more day to go to school this week, and I think you might let us off from lessons to-night!"

Mrs. Markland coldly replied:

"You know that I never excuse you for any cause but illness. Go now, my dears, and attend to your duties. They are things that must not be neglected when it is possible to perform them. You would gain nothing by doing so now, for your brother will not be at home to-morrow. I have accepted an invitation for him to dine at Silvermere, and you know it is against my rules to permit you to go to dinner parties."

The tone of her voice admitted of no remonstrance, and the reluctant children arose, kissed their mother as was their habit on retiring, caressed their brother tenderly, and retired, attended by a black girl who had been rung for to take charge of them.

The door closed on them, and Fenton hastened to say something that should for a few moments defer the attack he knew his mother was meditating.

"Dora is growing into a lovely woman, mother. You will soon have a daughter to present to society as a belle."

"Yes, she is pretty, but too small and dark to be brilliant. Jenny will eclipse her, and I am glad of the difference in their ages, as it will give the elder one a chance to settle in life before the younger is brought forward."

"I hardly agree with you. Dark women are more to my taste than fair ones, and I think Dora a charming brunette."

"I am sorry to hear that your taste inclines that way," replied Mrs. Markland, drily. "I wonder, too, that it should, considering that the girl you are bound to make your wife is as fair as a lily, and, what is better, as pure and sweet as one, too."

The battle had begun in earnest now he knew, and Fenton would not show the white feather in the first onslaught. He steadily replied:

"I do not consider myself bound by a promise I never made. I will not affect to misunderstand you, mother; but I thought that by this time you understood how impossible it is for me to ratify the contract you and Mr. Hastings made for Opal and myself. She cares nothing for me, and you know that I love another with all the strength of my heart."

"I have heard such men as you talk in the same way before, Godfrey; yet they ultimately came to their sober senses, and did what their interests required. *Yours* are bound up with this marriage, and I will not listen to anything that militates against it."

Her tone was cold and imperative, and her eyes were defiant and masterful. Mrs. Markland felt sure that she was mistress of the field, and she fully intended to drive the rebel to capitulate on her own terms.

Fenton passionately cried out:

"Mother, mother, do not say that, for I should be a wretch—a base and dishonored man—if I could ask Opal Hastings to be my wife when my whole heart is devoted to another. I cannot—I dare not do it."

His mother disdainfully asked:

"And that other? Who is she?—what is she, that you should presume to ask me to receive her as my daughter in place of the charming girl I have always intended you to marry. Has she wealth with which to endow you? for I assure you that you will get nothing from me, absolutely *nothing*, if you persist in this folly."

"She has beauty, youth, loveliness of heart and mind, but, alas! her hopes of fortune are blasted. Oh, mother, Inez Lopez is everything to me! I desire her for my own above every other earthly gift. I never thought to love any one as I love her, and without her companionship the fair promise of my life will be blighted. Recall your cruel words, for I cannot bear them. I cannot give Inez up—I cannot—I cannot—and, besides, I am bound in honor to her."

Mrs. Markland was unmoved by this passionate outbreak. She coldly replied:

"Your sense of honor must be very peculiar. What right had you, in your position, to entangle yourself with this young lady? Did you not fully understand that you were not free to ask her to become your wife? Listen to me, Godfrey. My heart has for years been set on this match between you and Opal. I love her almost as if she were my own daughter, and when you have been thrown with her, you must soon feel the witchery she exercises over all who approach her. You must break with Miss Lopez; lay the blame on me if you will, and she cannot ask you to ruin your prospects by disobeying the mother on whom you are dependent. I wish you to understand fully that I will do nothing for you if you thwart me in this. I will withdraw your allowance, and leave you to fight your own battle with the world as you best can. I shall lose my son; but he will lose all that he might have claimed had he shown the deference to my wishes that I consider my due."

Fenton arose and paced the floor in uncontrollable excitement. He at length paused, turned his pallid face toward her, and cried in tones of anguish:

"You will drive me wild, Madam. I came to you in the hope that you would hear what I had to say in a different spirit; but you goad me beyond endurance; you threaten in place of consoling me, when, God knows! I need it so much. If you knew, if you could be made to understand what my betrothed is to me, you would shrink from asking me to give her up. I shall go to ruin; I may do something dreadful in my desperation if you treat me thus."

In a more gentle tone, Mrs. Markland replied:

"It is to save you from ruin that I am firm, my son. Do you suppose that I would wound you by using such threats if I did not clearly see that you are ready to rush into a position for which you are entirely unfitted? What could you do toward maintaining a wife? You have talent, it is true; but it has been directed into no channel that could secure independence through your own exertions. You have expensive tastes, a fastidious shrinking from trade, or indeed from labor of any kind. Then what prospect would you have before you in taking a dowerless bride to your bosom? It will never do, Godfrey. Miss Lopez may be an angel; I am willing to concede every perfection to her; but she is no fitting mate for you. If I could be wrought on to consent to your union with her, in five years from its date you would both have cause to wish that you had never seen each other."

"I do not believe it! Inez would be the blessing of my life; she would make me a noble and true man, capable of filling the position every man should as the provider of his family and the head of his house."

"If she can accomplish *that*, you may try the experiment if you elect to do so. But if you do, remember that you are never to look to me for anything. I will otherwise dispose of what I have hoarded for you; I will throw you utterly on your own resources, and try and forget the ingrate who has returned all my care, all my fondness, by disappointing the wish that lies nearest my heart."

She leaned back on her seat, pale and defiant, and Fenton bitterly said:

"I would to God that I had a trade, profession, anything, to enable me to make my own way in life. I could work for Inez; I should be happy in doing so if I only knew how. But the accursed idleness in which I have been reared places me at your mercy, and enables you to grind me to the dust. When you see the result of what you are now doing, you may learn to think that it had been better to leave me to find my happiness in my own way."

His mother hearkened to the last words with a feeling of triumph, for they indicated that the fortress was about to strike its colors. She understood that he dared not face the future with no hand to sustain, no reserve to fall back on. After a few moments' reflection, she quietly said:

"I am only doing my duty by you, Godfrey. I must save you from yourself, for you are not now in a state to judge correctly of what will be best for your future welfare. Insane as you seem to be about this young girl, I believe that she is not the only one with whom you have thought yourself violently enamored since you went North. John Wallis told me of a flirtation with a music teacher in New Haven, but of course I knew you too well to suppose that you could be in earnest with *her*."

With some heat Fenton replied:

"Wallis had little to do to tell you of such a thing as that, ma'am. There was nothing in it. Miss Gordon sang well—she was pretty and gay, and—and she reminded me of Opal. I paid her more attention than I should have done, perhaps, but I was never seriously in love with her."

"Ah! then the attraction was her resemblance to Opal. That proves that you cared something for her in the days before this last madness attacked you. Godfrey, I know you better than you do yourself. You are a general admirer of women, and you could no more be constant to one than your father could before you. *He* flirted with every pretty girl that fell in his way even after he was a married man; but he was kind and generous to me, as you will be to Opal when she is your wife; and she, like me, will learn to tolerate this fault in your nature."

By this time Fenton's excitement had nearly worn itself out, and he sat down moody, but no longer defiant. He felt that he was conquered, but he would utter no word to assure his antagonist of the victory she had won.

To marry Inez without the consent of Mrs. Markland was, to him, impossible; and every line of her face, every inflexion of her voice assured him that she was as firm as adamant as to the course he must pursue if he would preserve her favor.

After a long pause, which his mother would not break, Fenton said:

"This discussion can do no good. We only annoy and irritate each other without any result. I will consider what you have said, and I promise to take no decisive step without informing you beforehand. That is all I can do. I must review my own position and make up my mind to—to—what shall be my future course."

"Very well—that will be best. You know me well enough to comprehend that I never recede from what I have once said. I will not thrust Opal upon you; that will not be necessary. You must inevitably see a great deal of her, and I do not despair of seeing you as much charmed with her as you profess to be with your latest inamorata. You have not come home a day too soon for your own interests, for Guy has been devoting himself to her of late in a way that greatly displeased me. I spoke with him on the subject, and he took such offence at my words that he has left my house and has been staying with his sister for the last month, only visiting the plantation to see that the overseer is attending properly to his duties. He had the cool impertinence to tell me that you had found metal more attractive than your promised bride, and to say that you would bring me a gipsy daughter-in-law, with such a dower as would reconcile me to the match. From what you lately said, it

sense that Miss Lopez has lost her fortune, but I know you, if you're in possession of a motive, my reputation to the match would be the same. I have long ago settled in that you are to marry Opal, and with my consent no other shall ever become your wife. Opal loves you, I have said, and make up your mind, as I know you will, to act in this matter as every honest man of your life requires you to do. Only give Opal a safe chance to win your heart, and I know she soon succeed. Good night, my son; do not fear undue influence from me, and I will be withholding you from the gulf of poverty and obscurity into which you are so ready to plunge. It would be worth the sacrifice of a man's prospects, however loved and fascinating she was sad he."

Mr. Strickland held out her hand, and Poston felt constrained to take it in his own. She came home to him, bowed forward, kissed him on the forehead, and said:

"I am just as angry with me that you refuse to give me your usual good-night salute? I love you, Godfrey, better than any living creature, and I only ask them for your good. Remember this, and the thing that will bring me to love you on my heart. In the event of your unless with that gift I would surely die. Even if you were sanctified in the struggle to cast you off."

Her voice faltered slightly as she uttered the last words, and she left the room.

Poston passed the door many hours in a state of mind bordering on distraction; but view his conduct honestly, he could see no other course open to him than to act as he had most deeply at heart. He believed that every man has his mind that he should not follow the bent of his own inclination, and that the path that leads to duty is often the narrowest to sustain himself against her strong will.

More than once he found himself recalling the sweet days that he had had with Miss Lopez, and with the feeling that Opal Hastings was not a girl to be lightly refused by any man, was the one to him who had been considered as her intended from childhood.

He finally sought his pillow with the reckless feeling that matters might take care of themselves and his own affairs, and he would not trouble himself about them.

The next day's events—so wretched—so wretched that he deserved pity even if he was so weak as to be unable to feel the force of his own fervent fidelity following the dictates of his own heart.

CHAPTER XXXII.

On the following morning Mrs. Markland met her son as kindly and serenely as if all moments of the evening before, preceding had not passed from her mind. She knew that she held in her hand the power to win him back to her heart, and with her tenderness inspired, and she had not much time to waste, for she knew that even by any show of coldness.

She was prepared to be affectionate in her demeanor, and tried to act as if nothing had occurred to mar the sweet relation that existed between them, but she was willing to leave the rest to the fascination of that ideal she had provided for her son.

Mrs. Markland did not believe that her son could move insensible to Opal's charms, so she felt ready to allow him to take their own course, satisfied that the result would be what she most ardently wished.

As soon as the morning meal was over, the mother of Godfrey Poston, receiving him to her room, and attempted by an elderly man, they set to work to discuss the matter of business, and after explaining that the visit separated them from their mother for the day for the return to the home from which he had been so long absent, she took a seat on a comfortable sofa, and motioned to the west upon their way.

Mrs. Markland left herself to talk pleasantly with Poston till the hour for their visit arrived, and with a woman's tact she felt that she was returning to his old allegiance; that the influence that she had exerted over him was fast regaining its power.

Poston had a high admiration for his mother. He recognized the masculine strength of her character and the many virtues of his character, so apt to feel for it wherever it is to be found. Affinity is one of the strongest ties that connects us, for on the opposite we find to be happy. Godfrey Poston found himself in his good mother, convinced that contention was wrong.

When the carriage came to the door he was ready to hand her in, and accompanied her to the west, wondering how he could ever have been so blind to the charm of the lovely and attractive woman that he had set his heart on making his wife.

The road wound through an undulating and picturesque country, and when a drive of four miles only came in sight of the place to which they were going, Godfrey Poston saw a man ride from the road, and was approached by a servant-like person about twenty magnificent fiery steeds.

In a natural hollow on one side of this by a small stream, and on the other by a grove of trees, derived its fanciful name. On the sloping bank stood a rustic cottage made of the trunks of slender trees with the bark on, and thatched with moss, in front of a diminutive garden, and a small orchard, partly painted, lay idly reclining upon the water.

The house itself had few pretensions to architectural beauty. It was a small cottage, with a side finally wooden, built of brick and painted some color, with a portico in front extending half its length. A green lawn, unbroken by the intrusion of a flower, spread away from the cottage, and, from the front of the dwelling, no notice before the eyes.

Everything about the place was substantial and in good order, and the whole appearance of looking around with the complacent thought that all that was before the eye was its own. It is could only make up his mind to forsake land, and to live in a cottage like this, and to be happy.

Godfrey Poston had come to the place of his birth, and beyond the reach of affluence.

Mr. Hastings had early left New York, and, with his family, had taken up their abode his fine person and captivating manners, and had soon won him the position he held in the village. He married a lady who was considered to have had herself gained fortune sufficient to support her in style, and was also accommodating enough to make his exit from this world about the second year of their marriage, and blind enough to make his widow the heir to his numerous effects.

Her most choice was for love. She was decidedly attached to her husband, and had not been blinded, was jealous to an absurd degree of ever meeting with a rival, a woman who would mind the slightest interest in the man she considered his own property, who was bound to her by golden chains, if not by those of affection.

Mrs. Hastings fully appreciated all the obligations under which she had laid her husband by lifting him from poverty to affluence; and as he was by nature a man of gentle mould, she had gradually brought him to believe that as he owed everything to her, she was entitled to the unconditional submission of his life.

But if Mr. Hastings was henpecked, he was not contemptible; for he possessed so many amiable and redeeming qualities, that it was impossible for those intimately known to him not to love and admire him. Yet he had great failings. He was a character of mixed good and evil so often found in this lower plane of being.

Mr. Hastings was a devoted husband and father, and Opal idolized him with a devotion of tender affection that was returned on her affectionate heart. The union of the extremes of rings wheels brought both father and daughter on the opposite, and as Mr. Hastings stood there in the doorway of his dwelling, I will present him.

His was a tall, well-made figure, with a fine position and handsome features; his brown hair was partially silvered, as was his long beard, which fell upon his breast; his eyes were of a light, glittering blue, full of genial humor and good-fellowship. He wore a comfortable fitting suit of gray cloth, and a dark silk vest, the strapping of his bulletin showed that he was exactly of his appearance, and that he was more than his more youthful days he had borne the vicissitudes of life.

His manner was gracious and high-bred, and he could comport himself in society with more agreeability than he did.

Opal, in a dress of deep blue silk, trimmed with blue lace, which set off to advantage the richness of her complexion more conspicuous, and her eyes more lustrous, was the last one to receive the kiss with which Mrs. Markland greeted her. From childhood Opal had been a pet of the elder lady, and the affection was returned by that enthusiastic fondness which a young girl is apt to feel for a very handsome and elegant woman who makes much of her.

With perfect frankness, Opal gave her hand to Poston as she said:

"We are so glad to have you back again, Godfrey. You have been away from us such a long time, and he has ordered, not the fatted calf, but the fat kid, to be killed in honor of your return. I hope you won't mind, though I hope you won't mind, when I present to you a young friend of mine, prodigal son."

He was not, indeed, replied Poston, raising the gallant impulse to raise to his lips the fair hand that rested upon his shoulder as she spoke.

"I need scarcely tell you, Opal, how glad I am to see you again, and to meet your father and mother."

By this time the trio had ascended the steps, and after cordially greeting the host of the house, Hastings warmly grasped the hand of the young man, and said:

"I cannot tell you how much I am pleased to welcome my own soul once more, my dear boy. Your travels have been extensive, I know, and I flatter myself that you will discover some advantage for them in your character. Your absence is a blessing, as you see."

"Quite, I should say, to meet charming ones, too. I had no idea that true years could be so pleasantly spent, and that in the child I left behind me when I last went away."

Opal giggled a little.

"Yes, I have grown up like the bean stalk of the fairy tale, Godfrey, and I am sure that mamma's last can only a school-girl yet, Mr. Godfrey Poston, and will be pleased when you will put her vets on compliments, as you have done me, and make me feel grown up."

He looked into the bewitching face of the fair speaker, fully realizing her beauty and charm, and he thought:

"Yes, Opal is a girl she is admired, for she is lovely as the morning and gay as the sunbeams. What more could I ask of her than my own home to find a rival for this girl, who is so completely my own? Her love is mine, and I am not inserted by such an infatuation as possessed me."

Yes, it has come to this already, that I am ready to compare the pure love that comes from which he trust, as all lovable, sensible women do make a playful reply to the last remark, and the wide tail, arched in the center, and tapering to a point, was the color of honey.

Mercer's-covered hound was a shipboard, on walk, and beyond the wall was a stray of pole, which decidence of spirit, and a stray of pole-cats.

Mrs. Hastings, a very motherly-like lady-like person, with a face and a face cap ornamented with delicate flowers, was the first to welcome the return home to welcome her guests. She was quite stout, and had a very pleasant expression of countenance, and was evidently a woman who had spent the greater part of her life in the open air, and enjoyed by an elderly man, they set to work to discuss the matter of business, and after explaining that the visit separated them from their mother for the day for the return to the home from which he had been so long absent, she took a seat on a comfortable sofa, and motioned to the west upon their way.

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He was

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

FIDDLE-DEE.

BY MARGARET D. USHER.

A lady sweet, loosened by tall trees,
A crew of sturdy, stanch oaks for sentinels;
A shadow, a sunbeam, a bird's song, the breeze,
Herald of merriments.

II.

The greeting knot, the tool-stain nicely rubbed;
Young knights mingling at each others' cups;
Heaps clustering, the last forwarded from their work,
The glints in pretty scrum.

III.

The stave — bright sashes gleaming on the sward,
Strong arms and luscious cooling liquids after;
The rock assisted, and the revelling, hard,
The jest and ringing laughter.

IV.

The rushing swing beneath the resting limb,
The youngsters passing and the tasers seeing;
Feasting and tourney and the dancing,
Forgot and hotsheaves.

VI.

Hangers, with her sweet neighbours for a bush,
Which some name sacred for her recent nuptial;
Maids, all the prettier for her fancied flush,
Her sister turn up a tassock.

VII.

Heros and Annie dancing with their lovers;
Sweet Annie, with her pretty, pouting face;
Mercy, the queen, triumphant for the rose
In Sabela's raven tresses.

VIII.

Back to the trees — a group of twelve or more,
Seated and attentive on some of Jerry and Hodge;
A shadow, slowly gliding from the stave,
Perplexed with health and beauty.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. 13.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "A NATIVE MAID'S-OR-WARNING."

I had heard Jo. Long spin so many yarns of life and adventure on board a man-of-war that I had quite an idea of many of the technicalities; and when the sergeant told us we were to report at the mainmast, I knew that we were to meet some high officer, or that a big time was to be had. It was a regular old-sea-dog—this master-at-arms,—and after he had taken off our fore top bowline knot-ter-knot. The expression upon his weather-beaten, corrugated features was a study, and I felt sure that he meant well towards us.

"Look 'e, my lads," he said, in his gruff, hoarse, rasping tone, which I never heard without an old-sea-dog-of-recollection, "you are in the way of giving words of command on shipboard, and you see we do not much like it at first, and ye can't do better'n to devote yer pastime to the study of the same. When ye've got it all in yer two noddles, and I'll take ye to stars on good terms with me."

"Do mean the captain?" I queried.

"Yes."

I thanked him, and then started with Fiddy to follow the sergeant.

"Avast," said my companion, as we passed out from beneath the topgallant-forecastle, "you can talk beauties, I can, and I wish you'd go it. You know just what to say,—only don't try to be put into the scuppers."

"I'll try," said I.

We reached the mainmast, and at the end of the fife-rail stood the lieutenant whom I had seen on shore, and whose very vision was taken from first impressed, and by his side stood a man wearing an insolent sneer and shoulder-knot, by which mark I knew him to be a captain, as at that time lieutenants in the navy were only epaulettes, and that upon the right shoulder. In true sailor fashion the lieutenant was first, and I judged him to be not far from forty years of age — a mild-eyed, if anything; and the glance he looked into his face I made up my mind that he was a sailor, and that he had worked his station and position by the way of unconscious promotion — lightning-proof-and. He had about him that look which must be the result of years of exposure, and though the habiliments of the commander was worn about to no-account, yet there were twinkling there about the corners of the eyes, and a palmate upward tendency of the corners of the mouth, which told of the characteristics of real good nature. Before I had heard the sound of the master-at-arms' voice, or my mind that he had his one face, and that the word was to be descended upon. The man was Trevelyan, and he had a brother who was an actor. We stood upon the after side of the topgallant-forecastle, and the lieutenant was on the starboard side of the mainmast, and the captain on the port side. Fiddy supposed that he would be the one to open fire, by being at least a dozen years senior, and I put him in front. But he didn't, and seemed to understand that I was the one to do the talking.

"Well, my men," he said, in a moderate, refinedtone way, "you are ordered on shore, and I am expected to, eh?"

I wondered if he expected an answer to this, and I was wondering he proceeded:

"Baptized much every man in sight as old as this?"

Here was an opportunity to reply, for he meant to imply that we owed allegiance to the British king, as I thought my lads, and answered with modesty as I could with frankness and truth:

"Captain, of course my company and I both know that it is not our place to dispute with you. But you will allow me to say that a grave mistake has been committed. We are not British subjects, and never were. We were born and reared in the United States, and were both regularly shipped on Board H. M. Steamship *Mainbrace*; and when we were ashored by just such ties were on our way to our boat for the purpose of going off to our ship."

I stopped here; just as the captain did not speak, I presently continued:

"I would be still all wonder, sir, that we feel deeply aggrieved, and that we consider that we have been much wronged; but we are not going to enough to make a bad matter worse by attempting to resist an authority that has full power over us. Still, sir, we deem it no more than right that we should be set on shore. It would not take you a long time, sir. If you would leave to-day I have no doubt we could call one of these rowing boats to take us on shore."

The captain shook his head, and informed me that he could not think of such a thing. Said he:

"Your story is a plausible one, and may be true; but I must hold you until a proper court can decide upon your claim."

I was telling him he had no authority to decide upon the question, seeing that we could not be held as deserters from the ships books; but he stopped me by producing the muster-rolls names and men upon the books for some time.

"Do you see, my men—you are regularly shipped, and I shall hold you; and I may as well tell you first as last, that an order signed by the Angel Gabriel himself, if it wasn't countersigned by the Court of Admiralty, couldn't get you free. Mr. Bowers?"

The lieutenant touched his cap.

"What are these men's names?"

I forgot what name the lieutenant gave, only I remember that he gave two names which I had never before heard.

Upon this I saw through the whole thing. Those two names were upon the ships roll, and Fiddy and I had been taken to answer to them; and I thought now was the time for humour to privilege we might need, before the captain had become fretful; for it was simply a fact that we could that we were to be held.

"Captain," I said, "may I ask of you such a favor as a true-hearted sailor has right to expect of you?"

He nodded for me to proceed, and I found—I intended a kindness in his look that embolden ened me.

"My name is Booker Burton, and this man's name is Philip Cummings. Will you verify that we are regularly shipped, and keep our two names? As we are strangers to all on board this ship and have no acquaintance with you who are known to go into the same watch and so station as this man, he can send word to me. On our part we promise that we will do such seaman's duty as may be required of us, and such times as we are on board."

I hesitated, and he added:

"Make your escape, eh?"

"You, sir," I responded frankly. "I will not use an opportunity to give you the slip."

I had hit the right string. The old fellow liked my frankness, and I knew that he realized me a thousand times quicker than he would have done if I had made great protestations of bowing to his will and pleasure. He asked us what our ratings had been; for many we knew of a sailor's duties, and the like, and then he told us to wait while we were sent for, and called upon the quarter steward to take care of us.

With that he went away; and, shortly afterwards, an officer whose only mark of distinction was a row of small brass buttons upon the cuff of his jacket-sleeve came and bade us follow him. He led us down into his room on the berth-deck, where he took our names and ages, which he put down in his log-book.

"Booker Burton," he pronounced, writing as he did so, "age twenty-two."

"No," said I, "not quite sixteen yet."

Never shall I forget the look he cast and a wish, "can look nearer one-and-twenty than sixteen, sir! Where's your birth-place, good young sailor?"

"Born in *Liverpool, Lancashire*—"

I made no more answers, but allowed him to put down the minutes as he pleased; and, when that had been done, he ordered us to be put on a hammock, a mattress, a pair of blankets, and a bed, and, when he had seen that all was formed us that, whatever we wanted any article of clothing or bedding we had but to apply to the quartermaster, we could apply. He also told us that we were to be allowed the liberty of the ship, yarns with which to make clean for our berthing, and that the main-rate was to be ours, where a small desk was rigged against the bulkhead, and where we could write or read or sleep and rest beyond any over to the master-at-arms.

"Now, my men," he said, "you are free to go where you please, and I will only say that I shall expect to be informed by the master-at-arms, and by all others, that you do your duty well and strictly."

We could follow gave a low grunt, and then, with a rapid succession of kowoing winks, he said:

"I want to tell ye, my hucky ons, ye're right aboard of a man-of-war, and ye'll have to do just keep yer weather eyes open an' do yer duty to the best of yer ability. Ye understand what I says be, Jack, yer wanted at the mast.' So up we go! Shiver my timbers, but I thought we was to be no, 'Master-at-arms, look out for them two new men,' and then we'd be left to ourselves together if ye can." Now, ye see, that means there's a new man aboard, and he knows what more he told me. If he told me to keep an eye on you, you may depend upon it I understand it.

I understood the old fellow very well, and thanked him for his kindness; and I further-more told him that we had both made up our minds that we should do our duty as well as we knew how.

Touching the swinging of our hammocks we were in the same berth-deck with the lower flooring of the ship than far, as open space between the main-hatch and the after end of the ship, and the captain's store-room, and this last left a space between the two hatches, and ran from forward and the hammocks and swinging contained the main-hatch and the after end of the ship, and been put into the berths for the swinging of hammocks in this room, and two of these berths were given to Fiddy and myself,—the spot being well forward, and well on deck. On our first had made sure of the numbers of our hammock and our berths, and then I went on deck to find the master-at-arms, where I found him—or, to be more like that of the master-at-arms, was a richer value—a voice the very best voice of which were significant of fun and humor, and at the same time of strength and decision.

"*Hello! Where among, here?*"

I turned and beheld a dumpy, bow-legged, broad-faced, gristled looking man, with a silver anchor worked upon the upper part of each of his jacket sleeves. As I looked upon him I thought of a man who had lost his hair in a fever, and dried in the sun and wind until his skin had become hopelessly spoiled and his hair never grew again.

"Where's the new men? Be they you, are be-low?"

"What is it, Jack?" returned the master-at-arms.

"Booker Burton an' Fiddy Cummings," said the new comer.

"Here they are," said I.

The man hobbled over carefully from head to foot, and said he guessed we'd do.

"Are they learned ones to you?" asked the master-at-arms.

"Good for you again," cried our friend, turning to us. "This is Jack Elliot, Chief's of the fore-top——"

"And the starboard watch," broke in Jack; "and you two've been set down for that crew. I have you aisters?"

"I can answer for Booker Burton," cried Fiddy, with considerable enthusiasm, "for a young; but the sailor this can hand, reef, steer, or rope out a humor observation ahead of him, got to be on his tops in a hurry."

"Overhaul, and judge for yourself," I said.

"All right," returned Jack; and I floated

off to my hammock, and found that it was all right.

And from that moment Fiddy and I were regularly shipped. We were put to our duties, been inspected, and were by one or two at it in the top, and I had my share of the work of the ship. We had been allowed ten minutes to get down the minutes as he pleased; and, when that had been done, he would call the roll, or on a hammock, a mattress, a pair of blankets, and a bed, and, when he was satisfied that all was formed us that, whatever we wanted any article of clothing or bedding we had but to apply to the quartermaster, we could apply. He also told us that we were to be allowed the liberty of the ship, yarns with which to make clean for our berthing, and that the main-rate was to be ours, where a small desk was rigged against the bulkhead where we could write or read or sleep and rest beyond any over to the master-at-arms.

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* Generally we heard a boatswain's mate's whistle, and at the same in which believing time are heard the commencement of the "Hornpipe." At all a boatswain has no control in the matter.

letting go the hook with my right hand until I had fixed myself; the result of which was that I swung backward a long in the opposite direction from what it had taken before, and I found myself immediately spilled out of the bight of the rope.

Fiddy,—plague take the rascal!—he had been lowered down with more agility by my assistance, having joined the others in a laugh at my expense.

"Booker," said he, "grasp this yere hook in your right hand, and then just lay your other elbow right where the small of yer back's a goin' to come. So,—there,—that's it! Now, hang just like yerself kind o' keerful like, an' bend right in the middle an' not the secret is, be there can't be no possible danger arter ye're in it ye only yerself done, and don't go to hanging on to somebody else's hook or clews. Now go it, Booker!"

How simple it was; and how soundly I slept in that hook after I had overcome the first momentary feeling of insecurity; and from that time it has never been my fortune to rest in any other bed so easy and so grateful in every respect, as in a properly clewed and well-hung hammock.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PITHOLDER.—"I should like to know," writes this correspondent, "the meaning of the word *ennemie*, for if it could, I think that our case would be one of the most remarkable. We have been in a civil war I was reduced to enlist my entire fortune—about a thousand dollars—in the purchase of a steamer, of which turned out to be worthless, and the money was lost. I then went to work and built a vessel and I was the richest man in the county where I live, and was engaged to be married to a lovely girl, whose parents were rich. She refused to make a marry of it, since it has become certain that my money is all gone. Without any of the usual formalities again, the parents of my betrothed have set their faces against me, and I am not allowed even to give me up to the girl. And during these days another man, who is now a better match, as far as wealth is concerned, than I am. Now you see why I regret that my vessel was burned. With a towing with by my money I could have made a fortune. Is it not a hard case?" Yes, indeed; the account of the matter is that I have nothing left to do but to say that we will do it also. You will see it in a few days. Can you make all interests?" In such a case a man should call up all his energies and make a new start in life. Just a pair. You ought to go to work to retrieve your losses, and you will do it. Your correspondent is quite right, you will certainly be in a fit state of remembrance to be married.

A Correspondent to say that "Hyacinth" will not care conversation after the dinner has begun, and that "Hyacinth" will not be allowed to leave, until very well, and maybe break up but a few hours on a visit, and then only after a meal. He found the visitor an earlier hour to answer for me, and had to be left to the last. "Hyacinth" will be "brought up" by "Hyacinth" in the morning. The evening gathering dinners seems to be a pressed matter with many of our friends. The dinner is about the last weather, but thrive in the autumn and Winter; visitors cannot be expected to go to the cost the hot weather highly unseasonal; some receive invitations to dinner for the first time in the autumn, and then arrive at the dinner hour. Now this, then, that dinner is given over by the expense of the entertainment. A dinner party is a very pleasant thing, and is undoubtedly; and a contemplative is seldom if ever invited to dinner, and is not missed.

PHILADELPHIA says that he "kept company with a girl for several months, and then broke off the connection," and asks, "at the expiration of that period I have the right to call on her?" Certainly, unless forbidden. She was made up of nails, and teeth, and hair, and eyes, and ears, and a nose, and a mouth, and a chin, and a forehead, and a head, and a neck, and a woman can be. But as though it had been developed, would call on her, and would be right. You don't get acquainted from one event? It is not at all likely that you would. Call on her, and you will be welcome. Any polite custom that you will, on such a visit. Be sure to call on her mother, and on her father, if you can. Make your self-introduction, and then call on her. When a man sets into such a difficulty, he should think about it and not rush into it as he is doing now.

HUSBAND LOVER.—You are either half demented, or else you are a great simple. A married man who has children to support has no right to run after other females as you do, and you must be free now a certain married lady who whose name you have given us, and who is not to be named, and who is the mother of and must feel again as one suffer more than such a husband ought to feel at your conduct. Be a man, or else curb an unmanly manner of addressing a married lady. Your letter is a disgrace to you, and must not be published. Your letter is a disgrace to you, and must not be published. Your letter is a disgrace to you, and must not be published